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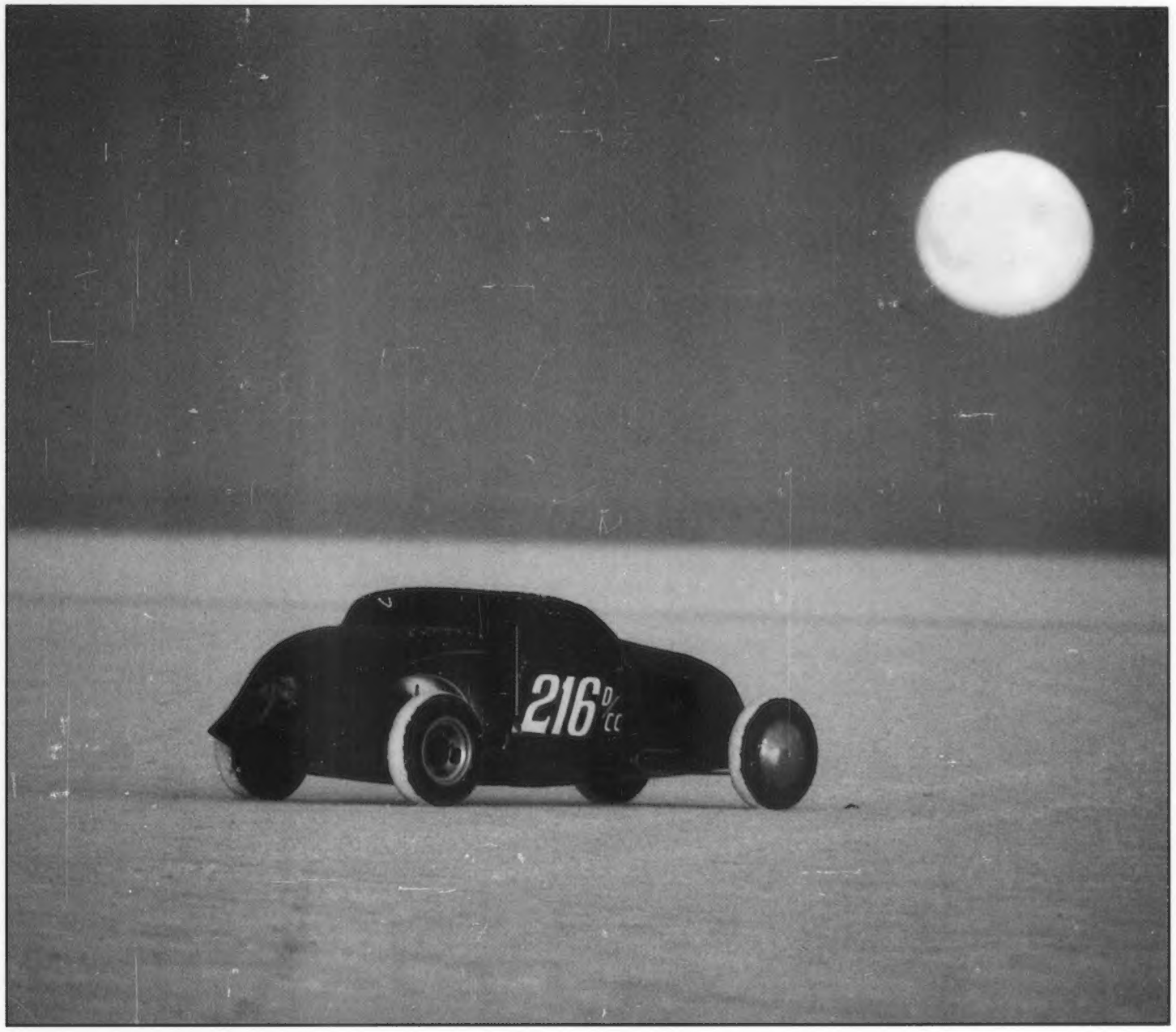
American West

The land and its people

July/August 1983 $3



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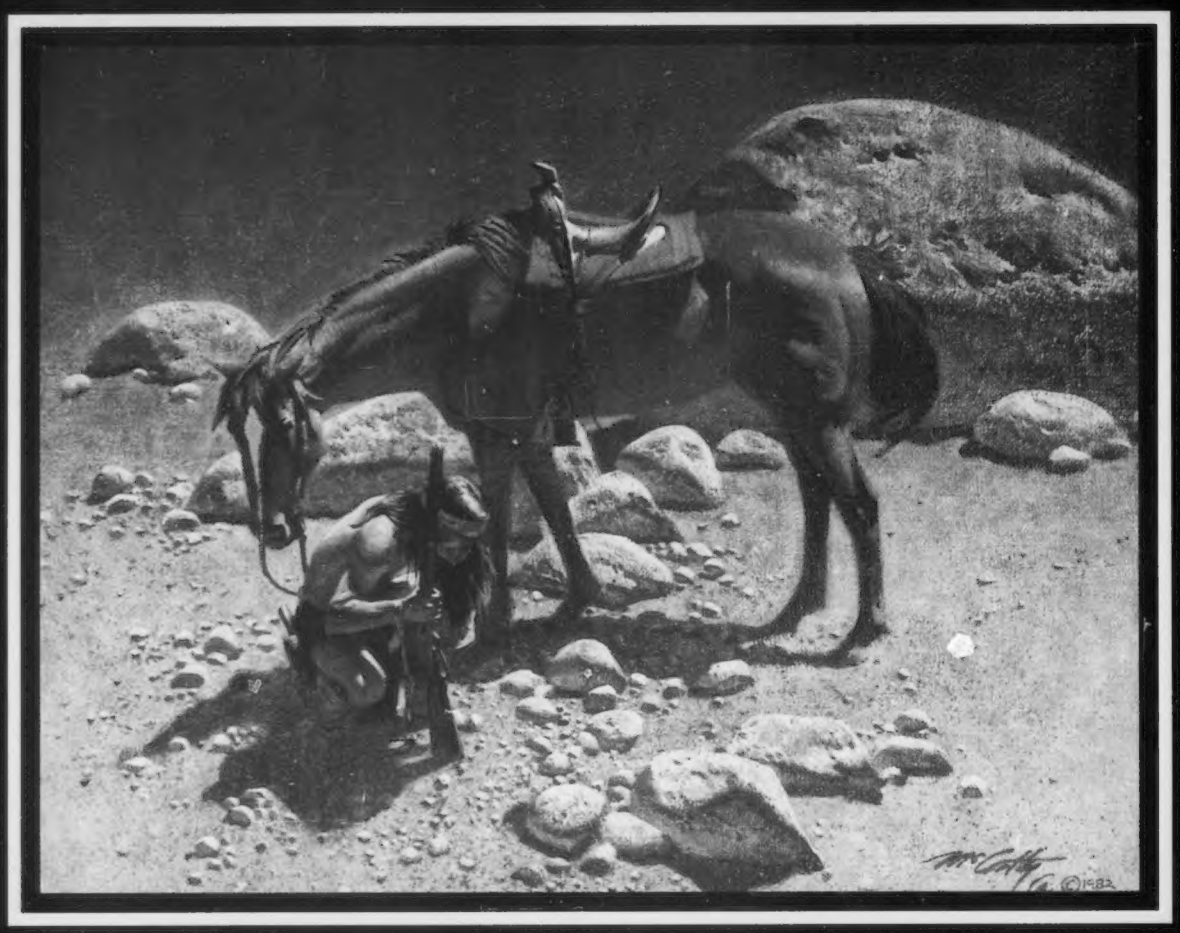

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TO: OUR COMPLIMENTARY COPY FOLKS

We continually update AMERICAN WEST offering more to both our readers and advertisers. This issue features the start-up of a national photography contest: "AMERICAN WEST and its Readers Celebrate the Unspoiled West," the first such contest in the magazine's 20-year history. A second call for entries will also be included in the September/October issue.

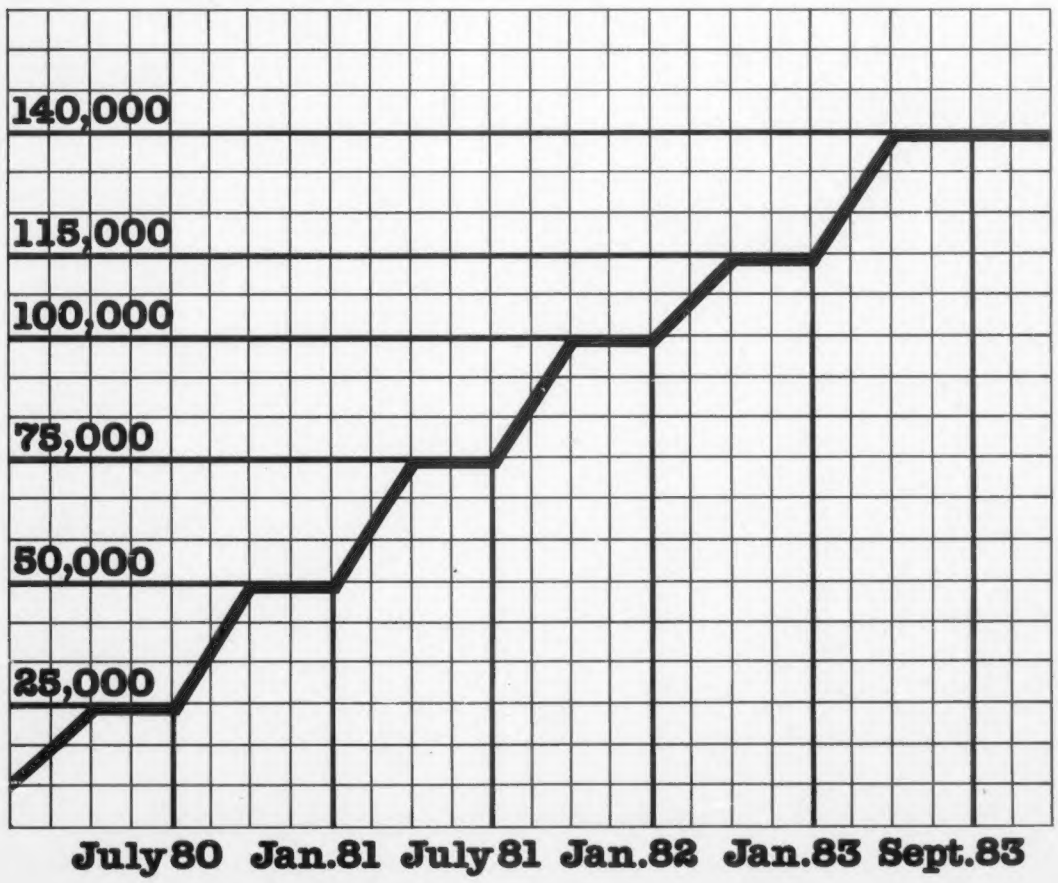
With this issue we are expanding the popular "Western Snapshots" department. In addition to "Western Snapshots Yesterday" we will now offer "Western Snapshots Today." A photograph by the eminent Western cowboy photographer Jay Dusard launches this new AMERICAN WEST section.

And don't miss the second AMERICAN WEST Art Directory included in this issue. This reader-service-program, designed to specifically increase reader response, is provided FREE to our advertisers.

Now, we'd like to tell you what we have in store for advertisers with the September/October issue.

140,000 CIRCULATION

At the beginning of 1983 we told you that circulation had increased from 100,000 to 115,000. Now we're on the move again! Response to a 500,000-piece direct mail campaign will bring AMERICAN WEST's circulation to 140,000 with the September/October issue. And we won't be halting there!



WESTERN $$$ $AVER

With the September/October issue we will introduce the Western $$$ $aver, a new way for gallery and retail advertisers with a limited budget to reach our responsive market. This special advertising unit will be included in 65,000 copies of AMERICAN WEST. Space in the Western $$$ $aver edition will be available at a substantial reduction off full-run advertising rates.

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TRAVEL PLANNER

We're pleased that the first AMERICAN WEST Travel Planner in the March/April issue is still pulling thousands of responses each week. By April 27, the Nielsen Clearinghouse had processed over 35,670 responses from readers wanting more information from the 23 advertisers included in the Travel Planner. That's an average of 1,550 responses per advertiser. If you calculate advertising costs against measured responses, it comes to a low 52¢ for each reader inquiry. Or just about 2 responses for each advertising dollar spent!

A second Travel Planner will appear in the September/October issue. If you are part of today's tourism industry, we invite you to describe your particular service or attraction to our 140,000 readers with a 35-word listing in the Travel Planner. The names and addresses of readers responding to your listing will be shipped to your office once a week on mailing labels.

A listing in the Travel Planner is provided FREE of charge to all AMERICAN WEST travel advertisers. For more information on how to qualify, and a listing card, turn to the back of this issue. Space is limited—so return your 35-word description to us today.

DEADLINE

140,000 circulation, the Western $$$ $aver, and the Travel Planner; three more reasons to place your advertisement in AMERICAN WEST. The September/October closing date for camera-ready materials is July 6.

P.S. We've won another "Maggie!" The Western Publications Association designated AMERICAN WEST a 1983 winner in the consumer category for "Nonprofit or Association" publications. This follows our 1982 "Maggie" for the "Best Subscription Promotion Program."

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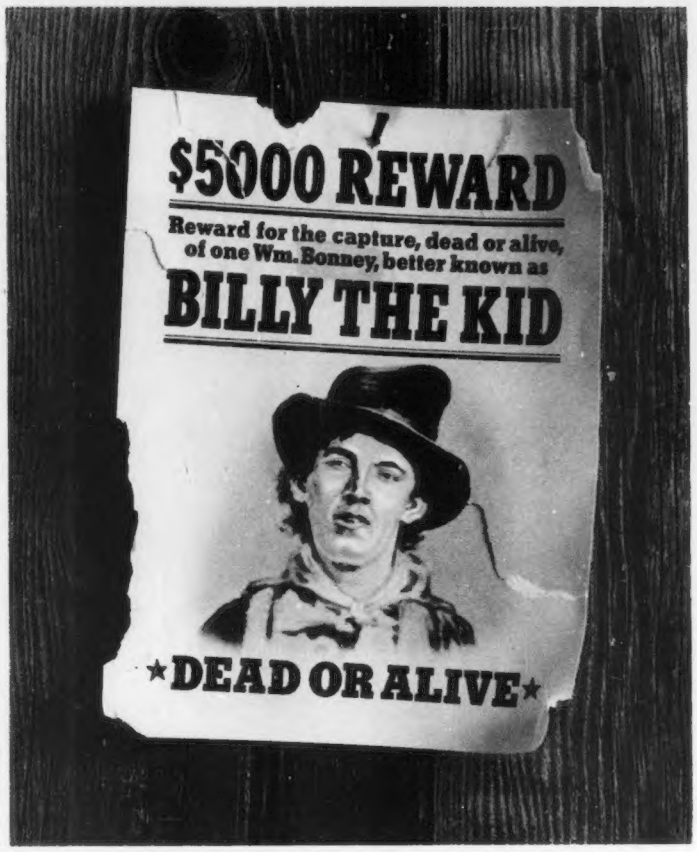

of their lives; his realistic accounts of the killing and skinning of the buffalo have never been surpassed.

Wild Horse Mesa. Chane, one of a forgotten breed of wild horse wranglers, battles a merciless killer in his desperate search for the King of the Horses. Here, in all its grandeur, is the lost art of riding down, roping and taming the noble wild mustang of the Old West.

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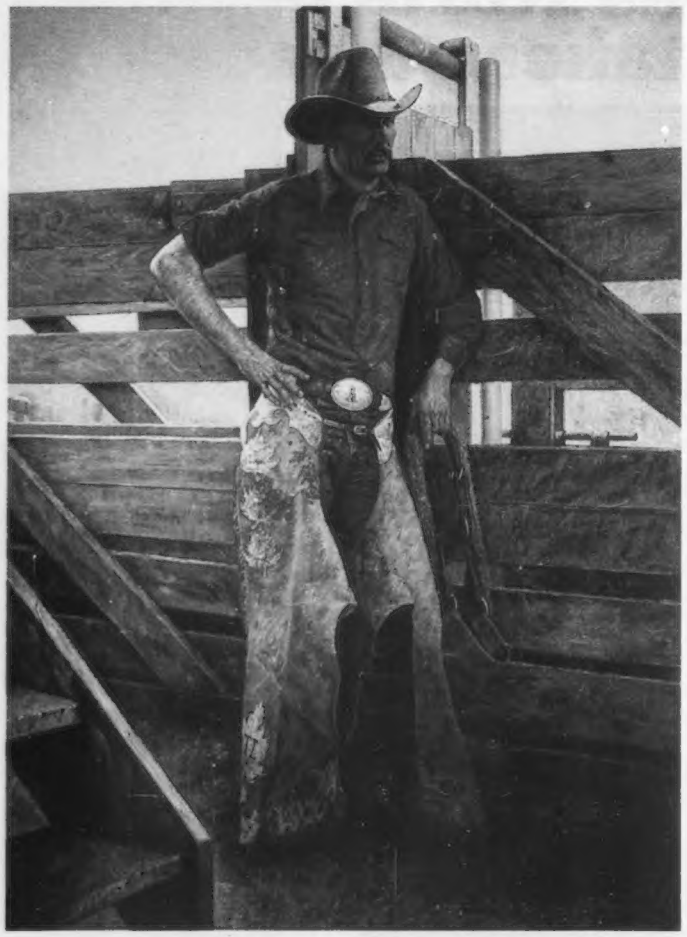

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July/August 1983 Vol. XX, No. 4

American West

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Cover

In limpid moonlight on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah's western desert, a lone car conforms to the soft beauty and serenity of the night, disavowing the day's noisy battle under a blazing sun to speed across The Salt ever faster. Speed Week at Bonneville combines memories of legendary records, and the men and cars that made them, with attempts by today's disciples of speed to gain a place in the record books. Author Michael Parfit gives us the flavor of Speed Week—the heat, the waiting, the continual tinkering, and the exhilarating experience of floating free after a sweet run over The Salt.

BILL EPPRIDGE/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

View from the West

For the first time, perhaps, since that land emerged from the waters of geologic ages, a human face was set toward it with love and yearning. It seemed beautiful to her, rich and strong and glorious. Her eyes drank in the breadth of it, until her tears blinded her. Then the Genius of the Divide, the great, free spirit which breathes across it, must have bent lower than it ever bent to a human will before. The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman.

—Willa Cather, *O Pioneers!*

"Is there a West?"

When Western writers, editors, historians, educators, and other such erudite folks get together to discuss the issues of the day, there's inevitably a session devoted to this subject. It's a curious question for Westerners to be asking themselves and leads us to believe that if the whole region were to submit to a psychological examination, the shrink (he'd no doubt be an Easterner) would say we Westerners suffer from a case of regional schizophrenia.

But is it any wonder? The vast majority of information about us Westerners doesn't emanate from the West at all—it never has—but is exported to us from the East by Eastern writers and editors. The East, by the way, is a region of the country, which like the South and North has a perfectly good handle on its self-image, and therefore suffers from no Western-style identity crisis. Ours, on the other hand, is a region which has been explored and analyzed by writers with absentee images stronger than reality, and—for all practical purposes—by foreign editors who have only a passing knowledge of the geography and the people of the region, and who have no intellectual or monetary desire to dispel the falsehoods.

The origins of this started innocently enough. In the early days of Western journalism and art, the observers had to be from someplace else. There weren't enough people living in the West who had the time or inclination to write about it or depict it in art. Those who lived here were too busy surviving the real thing to worry about the tall tales that were being constructed around their images. Those who came to write and paint, on the other hand, didn't stay long enough to get beyond the image and write about the reality (a reality which, in all fairness, appears to be beyond the ken of many Westerners as well). But as the region developed and transportation and communication improved, Easterners kept their imaginings of the West as well as their control over publishing.

During my years as a freelance writer in the West (mostly for Eastern publications, because that's where most of the publications still are), it was not uncommon to be met with an incredulous silence on the part of an Eastern editor when I informed him it would take at least a couple of days to drive from Arizona to an assignment in Montana.

"It will?" he would question in disbelief. "Well, how far is it?" When I said it was about as far as from New York City to Miami, Florida, I could hear him reaching for his atlas. The next thing you'd know, an Eastern writer would be assigned to the job. Perhaps they think it's shorter to fly from New York City to Billings than it is from Arizona. At any rate, it was a writer who could be trusted: neither of them knew the geography of the West.

The results of such an approach to this region have the *New York Times* referring to Wallace Stegner as William Stegner in their major piece on Western writers. They have *Science 82* misidentifying cactus that my six-year-old son has known since he was three. And they have articles that are read by bureaucrats and legislators who control the vital issues of the West on such matters as water, coal, strip mining, and highways as well as conservation, national forests, and endangered species (including small farmers and ranchers) provided by sources who know less than Western observers, and who certainly have less of a feel for the place we live in.

Why do we keep asking ourselves if there is a West? Because we don't recognize the place we read about. "The myth," says writer William Kittredge, "is an insidious trap for those who would write about the West; it can become a box for our imaginations."

But it can become more than just a box for our imaginations; it can also become a box—a pine box buried on boot hill, to borrow an image from the past—for the whole region when the people living here aren't getting more than the tall tales of yesterday, the half-baked facts of today. Wallace Stegner wrote in the introduction to a collection of Western writing: "Nobody has quite made a western Yoknapatawpha County, or discovered a historical continuity comparable to that which Faulkner traced from the Chickasaw to the Snopes. Maybe it isn't possible," Stegner concluded, "but I wish someone would try."

The results of the effort go beyond literary achievement. Positive results will produce a sane—nonschizophrenic population capable of understanding its place in the environment. Failure will produce more of the cut-and-burn mentality that has governed the development of the West from the beginning and is accelerating through this decade.

Is there a West? Only when we Westerners find it for ourselves.

Tom Pew

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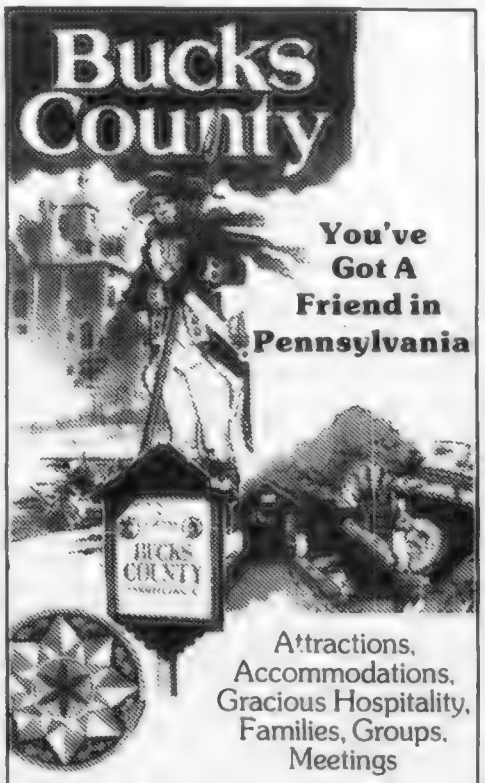

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Letters

Will James

Yes, I want another year of AMERICAN WEST. It's a great magazine, and I look forward to every issue. I am nearing the age of 83, a native Nevadan, plan ahead one year at a time. I have spent forty-six years in public life, sixteen of it at the Nevada State Prison as Superintendent and Warden. I knew of Will James and checked his files which included some of his art work. I enjoyed your story on him in the January/February issue.

The Frémont Cannon story in the July/August 1982 issue comes close to home. There is a mounted posse in Genoa, Nevada, which is at the east foot of the Sierra, who have been searching for that weapon for some time.

Finally, your South Dakota story on the dinosaurs is indeed very interesting to me as we have a comparable find at the Nevada State Prison.

Jack Fogliani
Carson City, Nevada

Just a line to let you know that I enjoyed the article on Will James in the January/February issue of AMERICAN WEST. He and Zane Grey are my favorite authors of Western stories. I hope in the near future you will feature articles and pictures on Tom Mix, Gene Autry, and Iron Eyes Cody.

Beverly Scozzafava
Gouverneur, New York

Sun Dagger

How I appreciated your View from the West about your visit to the Sun Dagger in New Mexico. It brought to mind chapters in my American Indian book about the construction feats of the Hohokams (canals built in Snaketown, Arizona, for irrigation and the draining systems that they developed). Also, there are the Taos Pueblo dwellings still inhabited today in New Mexico. Planting seasons used by "primitives" were effective, also.

It rankles me to hear arrogant remarks made by our contemporaries about the "simple, primitive" peoples. It took a while for the Indians (and other cultures) to discover Nature's phenomena. However, it took a while for our engineers to discover procedures for manufacturing their technical research equipment after the "simple primitives" paved the way for them. Then, there is the little matter of quality of construction. My husband had to rebuild our 1964 drainage system so that we would not have a chronic lake in our backyard. Our electric clocks wear out a lot faster than do the primitive timepieces.

Patricia P. Stanford
Richmond, California

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Western Windmills

In your March/April issue an article by Volta Torrey "Catching the Western Winds"—I really enjoyed reading the history of windmills, and I have always been intrigued with them as I travel, and I am always taking my camera out to photograph them.

I have enclosed a slide and print of a windmill in Afghanistan, that I would like Mr. Torrey to have. My husband and I spent four years there from 1964–1969. This windmill was located near the city of Herat, in the northwest part of the country near the Iranian and Russian borders. I thought he would like to see what this one looks like.

Carolyn F. Miller
Boulder City, Nevada

Art and drugstore cowboys

Regarding the letter from a reader in Florence, Alabama, in your May/June issue, complaining that "In some ways your magazine is getting too art . . . and we will ask you to stick to the historical

(Continued on page 14)

American West

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Pony Express Horses Around Again

When last April's rains choked U.S. Highway 50 in the Sierra Nevada with thousands of pounds of landslide mud, horses' hooves once again gouged the old trails of the Pony Express. The United States government paid the National Pony Express Association two dollars a day to pick up and deliver mail from Pollock Pines to Little Norway, California—a forty-mile trek through mud and snow that followed the trail broken by the original Pony Express in 1860.

While the operators of the nineteenth-century Pony Express preferred teenagers for the job, using one rider and three horses for an average thirty-mile relay, this time riders ranged in age from fourteen to seventy-two. From saddle to saddle, the bulging mochila was passed by seven to fifteen men six days a week until the road was cleared. (The California Department of Transportation expected to have this done by May 30.) Community spirit ran high, and riders savored their jobs. One fourteen-year-old even offered to skip school to get the mail through.

In honor of this feat, the U.S. Postal Service presented a custom-designed Pony Express cancellation cachet to the Pollock Pines station. Days before its arrival, so many letters poured in waiting for its impression, that a second mochila (each holds 400–500 letters) had to be added to the daily run. Since the original Pony Express was operated by a private stage-and-freight firm that carried letters and government contracts, Pony Express riders handled first-class mail for the first time this year. Commemorative mail is carried every spring on the National Pony Express Association's annual re-ride from Sacramento, California, to Saint Joseph, Missouri—a nine-day, 1,960-mile route.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Chaco Canyon. A major exhibit at the Maxwell Museum of Anthropology in Albuquerque explores the mysteries of the Anasazi culture that flourished in New Mexico's Chaco Canyon between A.D. 900 and A.D. 1150. Titled "The Chaco Phenomenon," the show focuses on the creativity of these canyon dwellers, who designed monumental stone shelters, an extensive road system, and "observatories" for studying the sky. (On the Sun Dagger, see "View from the West," AMERICAN WEST, May/June 1983.) Scheduled through May 27, 1984, this exhibit on the University of New Mexico campus presents more than two hundred artifacts, including pottery, baskets, and luxury goods inlaid with turquoise and jet. "The Chaco Phenomenon" also features historic and modern photographs as well as original paintings of the canyon made by Richard Kern in 1849.

Wyoming Photographs. A photography exhibit at the Trail End Historic Center in Sheridan, Wyoming, captures the flavor of life for ranchers and cowboys during the Great Depression. Titled "Not So Long Ago: Sheridan Area Photographs by the Farm Security Administration, 1939–1941," the show presents 107 fine images from the Library of Congress. Wranglers at work, women in farm kitchens, Sheridan street scenes, and life on Indian reservations were photographed as part of a Farm Security Administration project documenting the way Americans grappled with their hard times. The exhibit will continue all summer at the Center, which is the restored mansion of former United States Senator John Kendrick and a state historic site.

Dinosaur National Monument. August 20 is "Discovery Day" at Dinosaur National Monument near Jensen, Utah. The public is invited to special talks and tours celebrating the first excavations at this site seventy-four years ago. Paleontologist Earl Douglass opened the rich bonanza of fossil finds in 1909 when he discovered eight *Brontosaurus* tailbones embedded in a sandstone ledge. Today, thanks to preservation work at the Monument, visitors to the Douglass quarry can see more than 1,000 scattered fossils jutting from their ancient resting place. The Monument encompasses 330 square miles of northeastern Utah near the Uinta Mountains.

Cowboy Artists of America Museum. In April a 14,000-square-foot museum opened in Kerrville, Texas, to showcase painting, drawing, and sculpture by the Cowboy Artists of America. The $2.3 million facility is the only museum in the country dedicated to exhibiting the works of a specific group of contemporary artists. Each of the thirty CAA members has art on display. Dedicated to authenticity in portraying Western life, the Cowboy Artists have developed a growing audience for their work since the founding of the organization in 1965. "The new museum provides a permanent setting for the study of

(Continued on page 67)

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COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Redstone Inn

European flair in Elk Mountains

By Roger Rapoport

"A model little hostelry in old English style." That was how a visitor to the Redstone Inn in Colorado's Rockies described it in 1902. Over the years the Inn has experienced both loving care and neglect. Now, once more, this historic lodge is opening its doors to guests, offering a link to an exciting time in the life of one of Colorado's adventurous mining millionaires.

In 1882 a young entrepreneur named John Cleveland Osgood rode into the Elk Mountains of western Colorado, seeking his fortune. And luck was with him. Osgood ran into a couple of distraught gold miners who had come close to losing their lives in an avalanche on their claim; worst of all, the slide had uncovered what they considered a worthless vein of coal. When Osgood offered them $500 for their claim, they jumped at this pigeon's offer. Within a few years Osgood's Coalbasin mine became the heart of one of the West's great mining empires, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

With this enterprise and a later venture called the Victor American Fuel Company, Osgood became a captain of industry, hobnobbing with John D. Rockefeller and entertaining Presidents of the United States. Although he operated thirty-eight mines and mills across Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico, the entrepreneur never allowed his heart to stray more than a few miles from the location of this $500 deal that made him a multimillionaire.

Near the banks of the Crystal River below Coalbasin, Osgood erected beehive ovens to turn the high-quality coal into coke suitable for making steel. To accommodate his workers he built a small village nearby called Redstone. Anxious to create a model company town, the mine owner hired an architect to design eighty-four small homes, an inn, a lodge, a clubhouse, and his own forty-two-room mansion, Cleveholm.

To upgrade his employees' standard of living, the paternalistic owner provided all miners with shower facilities that gave them the luxury of cleaning up before returning home. Free nursery and public schools, a first-rate library, theatrical road shows, and a clinic were also provided. At the clubhouse, workers could purchase good liquor at bargain prices.

Among the architectural highlights of Osgood's town was an inn, built to house bachelor miners. Modeled after a Dutch tavern, it was crowned by a clock tower. Like everything else in Redstone, this building reflected the owner's determination to put an upper-class touch on this blue-collar community. European craftsmen were brought in to appoint the inn's forty rooms. The dining room's red-velvet furniture and gold-leaf ceiling were illuminated by Steuben glass chandeliers. Cooks trained by the company's home economist served salmon croquettes, tomato bisque, and Dutch apple cake. After dinner the workers could relax in a parlor decorated with fine tapestries. Above the hand-cut stone fireplace, Osgood hung a Norwegian shield that reminded his men: "Don't sell the hide before you shoot the bear." Through the rear window of their inn, the workmen could see Osgood's stone mansion that attracted visitors like Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, and Teddy Roosevelt, who shot game from his host's porch.

Shortly after completing work on his model town in 1903, Osgood lost control of CF&I to Rockefeller and George Gould. He held on to Cleveholm, his forty-two-hundred-acre domain, and the entire town of Redstone, but his business interests shifted to other mining operations. When Osgood left, the corporation's paternalism went with him. By 1909 the coke market's decline forced the new owners to shut down their operations at Coalbasin and Redstone, and one January morning miners were told there would be only one last ride out on the company's highline railroad. Most workers were obliged to hop aboard, leaving behind all their worldly goods.

Following Osgood's death in 1925, heirs began selling off Redstone, and during the depression they dismantled the company clubhouse to sell the lumber, board by board. Fortunately, the revival of mining at Coalbasin in the 1950s by Mid-Continent Resources, Inc. reversed this tailspin. Even the beehive ovens at Redstone were rekindled for a short time. Best of all, The Redstone Corporation, a subsidiary of Mid-Continent, has restored The Redstone Inn, which reopened for guests in June 1983.

Listed in the National Register of Historic Places, the remodeled Redstone Inn offers yesterday's charm with today's comfort. Its rooms may be furnished with antiques, while providing modern conveniences like telephone, television, and private bath. The Inn is an ideal base for guests who want to explore the old company town, fish the Crystal River, hike the Elk Mountains, take jeep tours, or visit Marble, another splendid company town only twenty minutes away.

The Redstone Inn is just off Colorado's scenic Highway 133, not far from Glenwood Springs and Aspen. For information and reservations, write to The Redstone Inn, 0082 Redstone Boulevard, Redstone, Colorado 81623 or telephone (303) 945-4955.

Roger Rapoport *is the author of* California Dreaming: The Political Odyssey of Pat and Jerry Brown. *See, also, Mr. Rapoport's "Port Gamble,"* AMERICAN WEST, *March/April 1983.*

WIN A TRIP PHOTO CONTEST

CONTEST RULES

Eligibility
The contest is open to everyone except employees of AMERICAN WEST and their relatives. All entries must be available to the magazine for use on a first-right basis, previously published photos or ones pending publication will not qualify. AMERICAN WEST acquires the right to publish, use for exhibit or promotion, all winning photographs.

Entries
You may submit up to 5 entries in any combination of the two categories: "The Land" or "The People". Be sure to enclose the official entry form (or a 3" x 5" facsimile) with your name, address, phone number, and total number of photographs entered. There is a single entry fee of $5 per participant, whether one or five photos are entered. Make checks or money orders payable to "AMERICAN WEST Photo."

Photographs may be either black and white or color, and are not to exceed 8" x 10" in size. If your color photograph is judged a winner, you will need to provide a color transparency to AMERICAN WEST. Do not send photos mounted in glass.

Each entry must be clearly marked on the back with the name and address of the photographer, the contest category, where the photo was taken, and if possible the type of camera and film used, along with any special lenses, equipment or techniques. Model releases must accompany all photos that include identifiable people.

Liability
A self-addressed envelope must accompany your entries for them to be returned. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for materials lost or damaged in the mail.

Deadline
Your entry must be postmarked by midnight of October 7, 1983. Late entries will be returned unopened.

1983 AMERICAN WEST Photography Contest

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Please read the contest rules carefully and enclose the $5 entry fee.

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PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

AMERICAN WEST AND ITS READERS CELEBRATE THE UNSPOILED WEST

WIN A TRIP PHOTO CONTEST

"AMERICAN WEST and its Readers Celebrate the Unspoiled West" is the theme of the first photography contest in our magazine's twenty-year history. Photos will be judged in two categories: "The Land" and "The People." We deliberately kept the categories simple because the West is a land that offers limitless possibilities to photographers. We invite you to use your imagination, be creative, and by all means don't forget your sense of humor!

The Grand Prize will be an all-expense-paid trip for two to the 7D Guest Ranch in Wyoming's Sunlight Basin for 4 days and 3 nights. The guest ranch, which is located 50 miles northwest of Cody, Wyoming, offers horseback riding, mountain climbing, Western cookouts, trapshooting and other recreational activities. Our guests will stay in a comfortable, private, log cabin and be treated to home-cooked meals during their stay at the 7D. This trip, including air fare, has a value of up to $2,000!

In addition to the Grand Prize, first and second prizes will be awarded in each category. A complete list of the prizes will be published in our September/October issue. All winning photographs will appear in AMERICAN WEST'S March/April 1984 issue.

Deadline for entries is October 7, 1983. There is still plenty of time to shoot the West's summer and early fall. Read the contest rules and get your entries in the mail!

CONTEST RULES

Eligibility
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A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany your entries for them to be returned. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for materials lost or damaged in the mail.

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Letters *(Continued from page 8)*

content rather than art . . . ''—he fails to see that most of the art in your pages *is* history. In fact, some of it portrays early events and people that predate photography, thus offering perhaps the best available realistic illustrations of these important historic periods.

Added to this, some of your art is breathtaking. The art in your ads alone is worth the price of an issue. Of the many ''class'' magazines in our reception room, AMERICAN WEST is one of the most reached for.

Terry Sherf
Sherman Oaks, California

In response to the letter in your May/June issue from the man who complained about ''females and their silly articles'' and drugstore cowboys: these ''females'' contributed just as much as the men did in those difficult days. The drugstore cowboys probably saw a lot more than they told and the tales probably aren't as tall as the tales from the ''he-men.''

L. Gage
Chicago, Illinois

Bronc Buster

The story ''The Greatest Bronc Buster Who Ever Lived'' (May/June) was fantastic and great descriptive writing. Is Manny Airola in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame at Oklahoma City? If not, why not?

I grew up here in the Cherokee Strip in the Oto-Missouri Indian country, near the boyhood ranch of the great cowboy movie star Buck Jones—also near Bliss, Oklahoma, where Tom Mix played second base with the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch baseball team. Here, too, as a boy I heard and saw Will Rogers spin his jokes and ropes. Claremore and Ponca City were his favorite Oklahoma towns.

Earl Sullins
Ponca City, Oklahoma

My Dad was a cowboy from age fifteen on. He was one-year older than Manny Airola, may have even known him. I would like to know my Dad's true life story before I was born and up to the

Continued on page 58

"The Duke". Colt's tribute to the hero in everyone.

In the minds of a nation, John Wayne is remembered in many ways. To some, he's Hondo, McLintock and the legendary Rooster Cogburn. To others, he's simply "Duke". But to everyone, he represents a hero. One of the greatest of them all.

On-screen, John Wayne's ability to handle a gun helped tame the West. Off-screen, he was a skilled marksman who used and collected handguns and rifles. In keeping with this American tradition, Colt and the Wayne family are proud to introduce "The Duke". A limited edition, 22 caliber single action frontier revolver.

Rugged and handsome, this special edition can be acquired as a collector's item. But, like every Colt, it's a working gun. Use it. Take it to the range. It features a 4-2/5" blued barrel, handsomely etched with sterling silver plated inscription "John Wayne, The Duke". Each gun features the famous Colt color case-hardened frame, an adjustable rear sight, and a unique blade front sight, in keeping with the original "frontier peacemaker". Its deep blue finish is accentuated by a nickel ejector rod, trigger and hammer.

And each special edition gun is also accompanied by a custom presentation case, with a sterling silver plated plaque distinctively etched with a portrait of John Wayne and the house in Winterset, Iowa where he was born.

The price of this special edition is less than you'd expect. $475 suggested retail price. Ask your gun dealer about "The Duke". Enjoy it, use it, and be proud of it. With all the hero that's in you.

A portion of the proceeds from the sale of each special edition of "The Duke" will be donated to the John Wayne Cancer Clinic, UCLA Medical Center, Los Angeles, California.

COLT An Investment in Precision

Hartford, CT 06101

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

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For nearly twenty years, the legendary war chief Geronimo led the Chiricahua Apaches in a fight to retain their ancestral homelands in Mexico and the American Southwest.

Although pursued by as many as fifteen thousand U.S. and Mexican troops, Geronimo was never captured and never defeated in battle. In 1883, at the age of 55, Geronimo sought out General George Crook in the Sierra Madre Mountains and sued for peace for himself and his followers which by then amounted to only 35 men, women and children.

Geronimo was considered by both Indians and settlers alike to be an amazing man. At the age of 50, he could still run more than 75 miles in a single day. For more than five years, his band avoided capture by thousands of crack troops led by paid Indian trackers and scouts. And his instinctive genius at battle tactics often permitted his small band to win victories over far greater numbers of professional troopers. To commemorate the 100th Anniversary of the Geronimo Peace, Buck Knife has replicated this great chief's personal battle dagger in full scale, each hand crafted in Buck Knife's custom shop. The grips are genuine Stag and the seven inch hollow ground blade is elaborately etched and richly inlaid with gleaming 24kt. Gold electroplate.

A portrait of Geronimo is featured along with engraved scenes of his war party and his treaty signing with General Crook in 1883.

Your Geronimo knife will arrive encased in a beautiful velvet lined presentation case and be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity.

Your personally serial numbered knife will come beautifully encased in a velvet lined hardwood presentation chest.

Extremely fine details are deeply etched into the blade depicting a likeness of the great Chief along with scenes of his war party and peace negotiations.

EDITION LIMITS

Only 2,000 Geronimo Commemorative Knives will ever be made, and each will bear an individual serial number. Of course, earliest orders will receive the lowest numbers.

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100TH ANNIVERSARY

Geronimo Peace Dagger

The Historic Providence Mint
Dept. M AMW-9, 222 Harrison Street
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Please mail by September 15, 1983

Please accept my reservation for the Geronimo Peace Dagger hand crafted by Buck Knife Company in a strictly limited edition of two thousand. I understand it will be made expressly to my order and be encased in a velvet-lined presentation case of solid hardwood. The issue price is $450.

I enclose my deposit of $112.50. I will be billed for the balance in three equal monthly installments of $112.50 each prior to completion of my knife.

I understand that should the edition limit of 2,000 be reached before this acceptance is returned, it must be refused and my deposit will be instantly refunded.

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CREDIT CARD OPTION

Please charge my credit card for the $112.50 deposit as follows:

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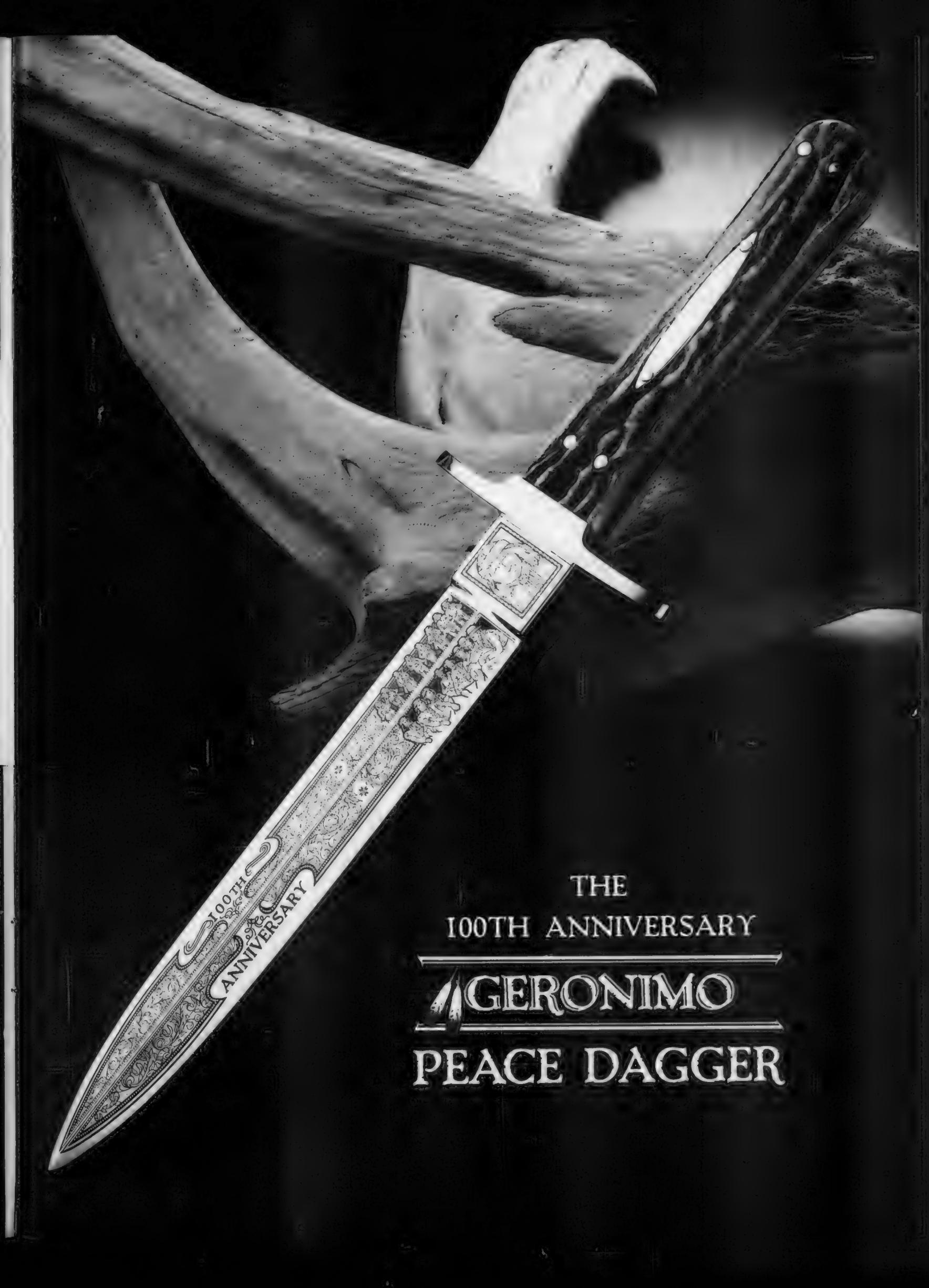

THE
100TH ANNIVERSARY

GERONIMO
PEACE DAGGER

Bonneville Salt Flats

BILL EPPRIDGE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

International battleground for fearless drivers and fast cars

by Michael Parfit

THE BONNEVILLE FLATS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE Salt, with reverence, is the flattest place on earth. The Salt was laid down over the past 50,000 years by an expiring inland sea called Lake Bonneville, of which only a puddle remains: Utah's Great Salt Lake. The place, surrounded by dry mountains that are horizontally striped by the lake's old shorelines, is stark white, so bright that it seems the ground radiates and the sky reflects. A bush would burn here, spontaneously. So do the soles of your feet, your armpits, and the insides of your nostrils, not to mention the inside of your head. Take off your sunglasses for five minutes, and your eyes ache. Lose them for an hour, and you would go blind, screaming snowblind in the head. It's a hot place. It's a fast place. If you don't move, you fry.

Ever since 1914, when a driver called "Terrible" Teddy Tetzlaff, described by one writer as a "noted leadfoot of the day," drove a Blitzen Benz about 140 mph on The Salt, it has been a good place to go fast. In the early decades of the century most land-speed records were set on the flat sand of Daytona Beach, Florida, but after Sir Malcolm Campbell brought his famous "Bluebird" here in 1935 and at last broke the 300 mph barrier, The Salt became the speed capital of the world. On the beach there were always soft spots or ripples: just enough disturbance of the plane to send a car spinning or tumbling. The Salt was hard and flat for miles in all directions, a 40,000-acre slab of sodium chloride, potassium, magnesium, and lithium. "The salt flats were made to race cars on," said Mark Dees, a California attorney and historian who has been coming here since 1951.

Most of the great battles of the land-speed record race have been fought out here, between men, machines, and danger. In 1947 John Cobb, running on salt that had been roughened by bad weather, hurtled at an average of 394.196 mph through the timing traps and set a record that would stand for sixteen years. But then along came jet engines and, for several years, tricycle gear cars that looked like wingless fighter planes, and the speeds leaped again. Between 1963 and 1970 the world land-speed record was set here eleven times. The lead jumped back and forth between Craig Breedlove driving two cars called "Spirit of America," and Art Arfons in a red, white, and blue car called, for some reason, "Green Monster," a total of six times between October 1964 and November 1965.

The contest culminated in a two-week showdown. Eight days after Arfons blasted Breedlove's five-day-old record of 555.483 mph by driving "Green Monster" 576.553 mph, Breedlove hopped back in "Spirit of America" and ripped past the 600 mph barrier by .6 mph. That record stood for five years, until Gary Gabelich, driving a rocket car fueled by liquefied natural gas and hydrogen peroxide, ran twice through the measured mile at an average of 622.407 mph. Although another rocket-powered vehicle has gone 739 mph one-way in California, Gabelich's official record has now lasted almost as long as Cobb's.

Some people come to Bonneville just to touch the famous salt. But unknown drivers like Ed Baxter, Craig Lund, Bill Taylor, and Les Leggitt don't drive up from their homes in Long Beach, Cypress, and Garden Grove just to pay homage to the men who have edged the land-speed record ever closer to the speed of sound or to those who have extended the limits of boredom to 100 mph. They come to do it themselves, and so to mingle their own sweat, oil, fuel, and perhaps even blood, with the legends of the past.

"There appears to be no reason why speed tournaments should not be held on fixed dates," wrote Captain George Eyston, a famed racer, in 1936. In 1949 his wish came true with the first Bonneville National Speed Trials. Eyston had thought about a meet that included a twenty-four-hour race and "straightaway runs over distances from one kilometer to ten miles," but today the favorite record at The Salt is the running mile, in which all acceleration is achieved before you enter the electronic timing traps. There is not just one record in this mile. There are 339 at latest count: 130 for cars and 209 for motorcycles. It's all a matter of class distinction; there are more classes at Bonneville than in five Orange County high schools, each separated from the others by vehicle design, displacement, and use of speed fairings. A partial list: Fuel Coupes, Gas Coupes (fuel is nitromethane, gas is gasoline), Street Roadsters, Altered Coupes, Fuel Roadsters, Competition Coupes, Gas Roadsters, Modified Roadsters, spindly legged Lakesters often built from discarded aircraft wing tanks, Streamliners that look more like phallic symbols than cars, and every possible CC of motorcycle, all divided further by displacement into classes from A to XX.

TO THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TIMING ASSOCIATION (SCTA), the nation's most active collection of amateur (sort of) hot-rodders, this mass of records, many recognized internationally, looks like a big tree full of ripe crabapples. All that's needed is a little shaking. So once each year the SCTA gathers its members into a caravan of pickups and vans pulling strange trailered vehicles with bald tires (best for salt traction) and pours out of the smog bowl over Cajon Pass into the desert, following the columns of dust up through the unpromising land of eastern Nevada to The Salt. Here, the members bivouac on the little Utah-Nevada border town of Wendover and in adjacent impromptu campsites nicknamed Tarantula Gulch and Scorpion Flats. For eight days they race

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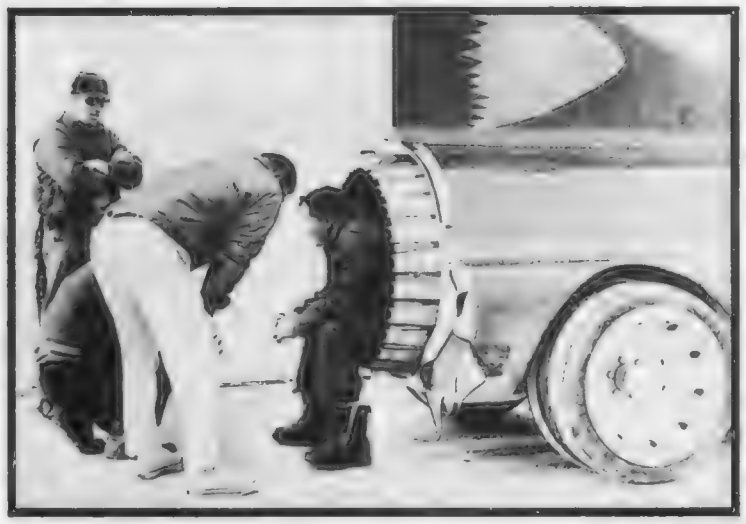
On a glorious expanse of The Salt at Bonneville, drivers end a day of striving for a place in the record books. With the dusk, they will begin a vigil with their engines, persuading and tinkering so the contest may continue on the morrow.

BONNEVILLE MUSEUM



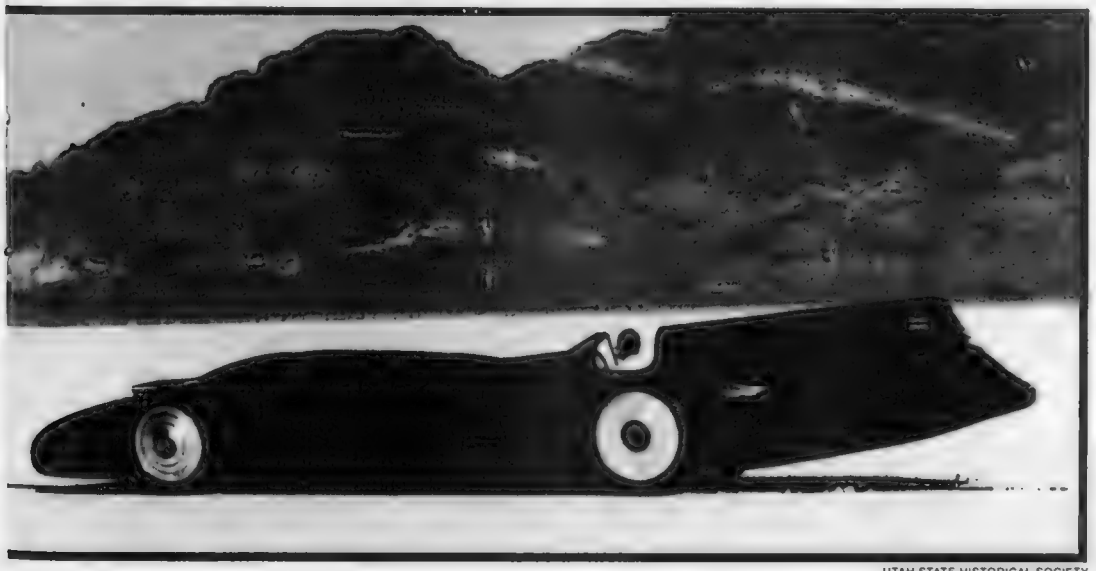
BONNEVILLE MUSEUM

BONNEVILLE MUSEUM

(Top) *In his rocket-powered, needle-nosed "Blue Flame," Gary Gabelich streaked across the Bonneville Flats at 622.407 mph in 1970, a record that still stands.* (Above, left) *During the 1960s Art Arfons (sitting in the tail of his "Green Monster") set a number of mile-records at Bonneville. In November 1966, Arfons cracked up at 610 mph, escaping with a cut face, but wrecking the "Monster."* (Right) *After gaining a record 526.28 mph at Bonneville in October 1964 (the first to break through the 500 mph barrier), Craig Breedlove and his "Spirit of America" hurtled into a brine pond. Breedlove managed to escape and came back in 1965 to crack the 600 mph barrier.*

Drivers come to Bonneville to mingle their sweat and blood with the legends of the Salt Flats.

UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY



UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

(Above) *In his special Railton, Britisher John Cobb, at far right, first drove at Bonneville in the late 1930s. He is shown here in 1947 when he sped across The Salt at 394.196 mph, a record that stood for sixteen years.* (Left) *Knighted for his many land-speed records, the Englishman Sir Malcolm Campbell tried repeatedly during the early 1930s to be the first to break the 300 mph mark. After numerous unsuccessful attempts at Daytona Beach, Florida, Campbell came to Bonneville, and The Salt rewarded his efforts. He is shown in "Bluebird" on his record run of 301.129 mph in September 1935.*

against the clock, breaking an average of six records a day, and each night they patronize the slots of the Stateline Casino on the Nevada end of Wendover. Appropriately for this week of machine madness, the casino boasts the world's largest mechanical man, Wendover Will, a moving neon billboard of a cowboy who stands sixty-three feet tall.

The SCTA calls this week the Bonneville National Speed Trials, but to everyone, including the people of Wendover, who can hardly keep the campers off their parched lawns, it's Speed Week. Speed Week could also be called the Week of Waiting. It does not take very long to go through a one-mile speed trap at 200 mph; so, waiting is what everyone does most of the time. There is only one track, a strip of salt that varies in length depending on how dry the year has been, and during the week there were 223 motorcycles and cars lined up to use it.

Most competitors, apparently panicked by the chance for genuine relaxation, as any true Southern California male should be, bring along several engines to stave off tedium. Some of them, like poker junkies, play with their engines all night, changing gaskets and plugs and even pistons in the light of the great neon man.

At the starting line on the track's west end, the salt is scarred with black streaks, and the track, slightly grey against the throbbing white of the surrounding flats, disappears rapidly into the permanent mirage. One day—it could be any day of any Speed Week at Bonneville—a masked and helmeted cyclist sat waiting for his turn and tried to express just why he liked to go fast. "Well," he said. "Yeah," he said. "Ahh—" he said. Then he brightened. All that was visible of him was his chin. His chin grinned. He had it. "Yeah," he said again, "Just for the speed of it. For sure, for sure."

Mickey Thompson, with the aid of a ghostwriter, found the best image for the sensation of streaming without restraint across the wide, flat salt, surrounded by mirage: He called it sliding down a trough of mercury. Ed Baxter, who was waiting to run at the east end of the track, refined the feeling down to an instant. "The sensation lasts about half a dozen milliseconds, sir," he said, a can in his hand. "After you get through the timing traps you grab the knob and cut the mag and the clutch at the same time and you float free. You're almost weightless. It's the most exhilarating experience you can find, sir."

Euphoria. One year one of the unstreamlined motorcyclists, hunched over like a bird trying to return to the egg, howled through the traps at over 100 mph, saw the last timing light pass, cut the power and, filled with the joy of that float on the hissing salt, sat up into slipstream. Ahhh—whump! Blew him off the machine.

As long-bearded Ed Baxter waited to make his run with the wind, Les Leggitt's car raced upwind from the west. Baxter's shiny Studebaker, but for a tangle of roll bars inside, looked as if it had just come off the showroom linoleum. Leggitt's machine might recently have arrived from Mars. It was a Class A Lakester, one of an open-wheeled, spindly breed of car orginally designed for racing on southern California's dry lakes. This one was shaped like a thin wedge, tapering up from a flat, pointed nose to a clot of bars and pipes in the rear that housed driver and engine. It was the sort of shape one would doodle instinctively and then smudge to indicate speed, but this one was faster than any thumb-streak known.

THE SOUND CAME FIRST UP THE SALT, THE BUILDING whine that peaks, clears its throat, builds and peaks again and again, until finally, in highest gear, it screams the thin scream of power and speed. On The Salt the sound, alone and invisible, is the strongest force; it howls straight to the imagination and, like a dog chained in the backyard who hears a wolf, the imagination howls back, telling its story: hurtling power, the sizzle of salt, the sweet smell of nitromethane, the pressure of air divided, the flash of steel in the sun. Someday it will all culminate in breaking the speed of sound on The Salt, when The Salt itself will ring with it, and the car will sail out of the sound, free.

As Baxter watched, a small puff of salt bloomed in the mirage. The scream enlarged itself and deepened into a roar, and in the center of the salt-puff appeared a speck, the seed of

World Land-Speed Records
Set at Bonneville Salt Flats since 1935

			MPH
1970	(Oct. 23)	Gary Gabelich in "Blue Flame"	622.407
1965	(Nov. 15)	Craig Breedlove in "Spirit of America—Sonic I"	600.601
1965	(Nov. 7)	Art Arfons in "Green Monster"	576.553
1965	(Nov. 2)	Craig Breedlove in "Spirit of America—Sonic I"	555.483
1964	(Oct. 27)	Art Arfons in "Green Monster"	536.71
1964	(Oct. 15)	Craig Breedlove in "Spirit of America"	526.28
1964	(Oct. 13)	Craig Breedlove in "Spirit of America"	468.72
1964	(Oct. 5)	Art Arfons in "Green Monster"	434.02
1964	(Oct. 2)	Tom Green in "Wingfoot Express"	413.2
1947	(Sep. 16)	John Cobb in Railton	394.196
1939	(Aug. 23)	John Cobb in Railton	369.7
1938	(Sep. 16)	George Eyston in "Thunderbolt"	357.5
1938	(Sep. 15)	John Cobb in Railton	350.2
1938	(Aug. 27)	George Eyston in "Thunderbolt"	345.5
1937	(Nov. 19)	George Eyston in "Thunderbolt"	312
1935	(Sep. 3)	Malcolm Campbell in "Bluebird"	301.129

Some day they'll break the speed of sound on The Salt, and the car will sail out of the sound, free.

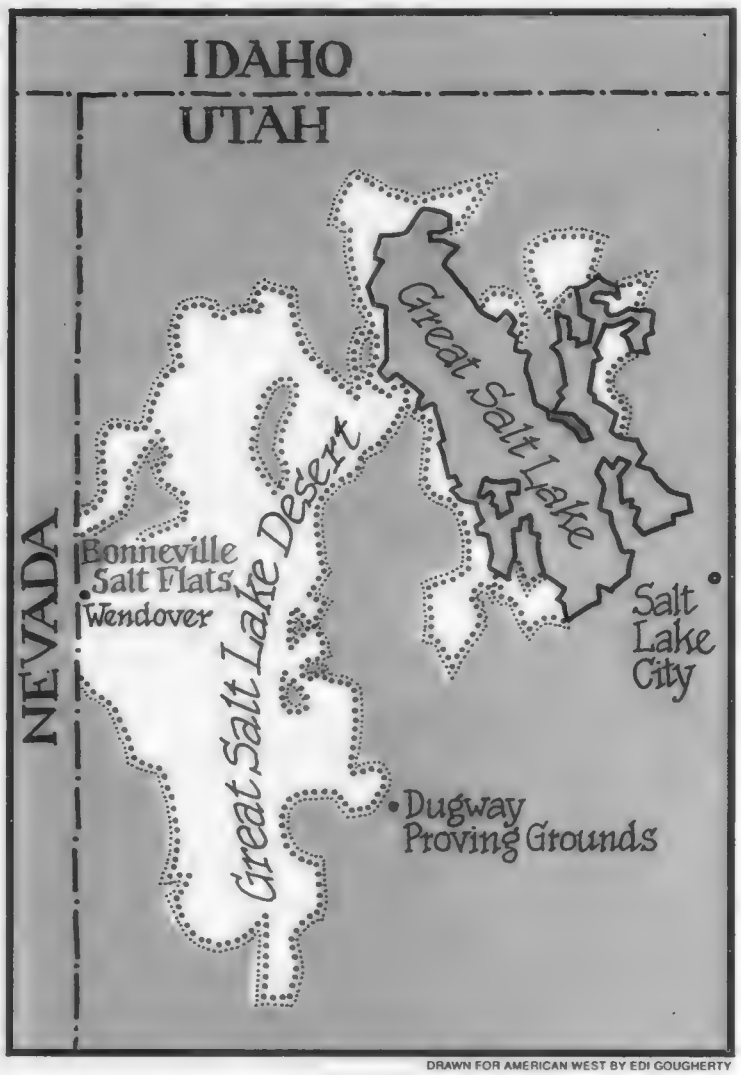
MICHAEL PARFIT

BILL EPPRIDGE/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MICHAEL PARFIT

The one concern shared by all at Bonneville is speed. *Drivers, motorcyclists, mechanics battle the heat, coax recalcitrant vehicles, and conquer the terror that can sometimes invade a body who is set to hurl himself over the Sweet Salt at hundreds of miles an hour.*

Death and disfigurement are always forgotten. The glory of the speed and the salt are always remembered.



DRAWN FOR AMERICAN WEST BY EDI GOUGHERTY

the dandelion, blowing toward him at 305 miles per hour. Then the noise died, the salt subsided, and the speck moved off to the side of the track, spent.

"Three hundred and five." Someone repeated the news from the timing stand. "I guess Leggitt's dancing all over The Salt."

There is always a legend on The Salt, one driver or mechanic who stands bigger than the rest. This year it was Leggitt, a large man, a somber man, a man who keeps other men waiting. "Who does he think he is?" But above all a zealous man, one who fears carbon and escheweth grime.

Around Baxter's car a small cluster of men were enshrining Leggitt (who would later take the fastest time of the whole week, 311 mph). As usual, it was Ed Baxter talking, embellishing a story that has made the rounds.

"OK, see, they were just about ready to put the blower manifold on the engine, so, OK, you've got the rev kit and everything exposed. And this moth flew down, and landed on the valley—he didn't land hard, he just flared easy—he didn't go plump and drop a bunch of dust off his wings or anything—just pollinated the lifters and flew away. And Leggitt wanted to disassemble the entire engine, oh, wow, and clean it...and they were leaving in the morning for Bonneville."

On the sixth day Ed Baxter and Craig Lund stood beside a bright red roadster, trying to persuade a man called Bob not to be afraid. The machines that come to Bonneville are as assorted as a bag of Halloween goodies, and there is always the question: Which one hides the razorblade? Each vehicle competes not only for a record, but for the rarer accomplishment of tearing someone to pieces on the track. In spite of safety regulations that require each driver to be bound almost immobile inside a cage of one-and-three-quarter-inch steel tubing, it happens. Not every year, but still too often. The great duel between Craig Breedlove and Art Arfons finally ended when, in 1966, Arfons's "Green Monster" went out of control at about 610 mph and spread its pieces across about four and a half miles of salt. Amazingly, Arfons remained intact, but so did Breedlove's record.

"I don't know what's wrong with Robert, sir," Baxter said. "He's just really spooked for some reason. He's got a premonition. Sees himself going end over end. Yeah, I had it once, years ago. I saw myself spinning and going end over end and winding up in water, the cab filling up. All I did, I thought about it very carefully, I stopped and I sat down and I said, OK, I can spin, I can flip, and I can go end over end. But there is no way out here I can wind up in water. You see, sir, there is nothing logical, it can't happen. So I just grabbed ahold of the steering wheel, and put my foot in it."

Perhaps Baxter should have shared his dream. A year after he had his premonition Craig Breedlove lost control of "Spirit of America" on The Salt and crashed over a dike into a pond dug by Kaiser Chemical to mine potash. He almost drowned.

Robert stood beside his roadster, which caught the sunlight and split it into rainbow colors on its Alpha tape. Robert, plump and round faced, his brow furrowed in the persistent glare, looked like a kid standing outside the roller coaster turnstile, frayed ticket in his hand.

"I towed it 800 miles just to let it sit," he said. "Right now the only reason I can really give you is that I'm on vacation, and I'm apparently having a good time just doing what I'm doing."

On the afternoon of the sixth day Bill Taylor stood cheerfully at the starting line helping to keep the waiting down to a minimum. Taylor was the most easy-going man on the course, pedaling back and forth along the line on a squat bicycle, checking seat belts, keeping the line tight, checking the movements of support traffic. Perhaps there should be more tension in a premier speedster, a member of the exclusive 200 mph club, a thirty-eight-year-old mover in the SCTA. But perhaps his equanimity is not so strange: He

has a single passion, born when he first came to Bonneville when he was seventeen, and it keeps him satisfied.

The next car up on the starting line was number 800, a gray Lakester like Leggitt's with a bulbous nose that looked like a spoonbill's. The driver, Howard Johnson, had been bound to the seat in his hot asbestos suit for fifteen minutes, waiting, and as he was pushed to the line someone leaned over and shouted at him: "Are you about done? I got some mustard here." The answer was muffled by the driver's mask.

It was car 800 that hid the blade. Somewhere out beyond the two-mile timing light, Johnson lost control at 250 mph and went end over end, flailing at the salt, WHAM-WHAM-WHAM-WHAM. "It looked like a dog shaking a rat," an official who was nearby said later. "There were parts for half a mile."

Taylor was quiet as the small bright wings of the ambulance plane floated down into the mirage to pick up Johnson, whose life was barely saved by the roll cage. There had been other grim hours at Bonneville, and each time it happened it reminded Taylor of the time before.

"In '69, the day I got into the 200 club, a guy got killed out here," he said. "And just as I was pulling out with my race car on the trailer, here came the ambulance with him in the back, you know. He'd been burned to death, sitting in the car, so you can imagine how he was sitting in the ambulance. Just wiped out my whole day."

But death and disfigurement are always forgotten. When Donald Campbell (whose father, the famous Sir Malcolm Campbell, broke the land-speed record nine times) cracked his skull here and destroyed "Bluebird" in 1960, almost the first thing he asked when he regained consciousness was how long it would take to rebuild his car. The speed and the salt are remembered.

"We were alone in the world," wrote William D. Rishel, recalling a run in 1909 in which the car hit the remarkable speed of 50 mph. "[T]he immensity and the solitude were overpowering; the velocity of the car was fantastic; ahead of us was the horizon, and when we reached it we would topple off into nothingness."

On the afternoon of the seventh day the rain came. A long ridge of cloud had driven out of the mountains to the west, bringing heavy drops and a sudden wind that stopped the meet and combed trash from the pits. Ed Baxter, Craig Lund and his wife and son were jammed in Lund's camper. Someone asked Baxter to describe the sequence of driving the course. His voice sounded as excited as he was just before he finally got to run on the sixth day, when he sat in the roadster watching a rainbow grow in a shower far to the east of the course, and Craig pounded him on an asbestos shoulder and shouted, "Got a rainbow, Ed, go for it," and he sat banging his helmet on the headrest, checking switches, and shouting unintelligibly through the mask.

In 1983 Speed Week was scheduled to begin August 28 and run through September 3. If the water that stood more than a foot deep over The Salt Flats this spring has not completely dried up by then, the meet is to be rescheduled to start September 25. The membership of the Southern California Timing Association is hoping for a hot, windy summer.

The unusually wet weather of the past two years, which wiped out Speed Week for 1982, has been an ironic development in a debate over the future of The Salt. The potash mine into which Craig Breedlove drove on October 15, 1964, has been accused over the years of leaching out the salt of The Flats, thus dooming them to deterioration. The freeway across The Flats has also been blamed for letting water drain away, taking salt. The fear of a steady decline in the quality of the salt has set members of the SCTA looking all over the West for new sites—in fact, all over the hemisphere. "We've talked to missionaries and other people about the salt flats in the Andes," racer Mark Dees says. But there aren't many places on earth where you can dash ten straight flat miles or, if you lose control, go spinning away for a couple of miles in any direction.

The potash mine recently changed its operations and somewhat alleviated the controversy, but now the increasingly soggy weather has mocked any human machination. Although both Gary Gabelich and Craig Breedlove are hoping to return to The Salt to find that crack in sound, it is possible that The Salt may not be there.

"If nature's going to reclaim old Lake Bonneville," Dees says, "all this talk of who's draining off the brine and salt will be academic."

"I get a clearance from the starters. OK. The van starts pushing me. About 15 to 25 miles an hour, I engage the clutch in low gear. I check oil pressure. Soon as I have oil pressure I go to my fuel pressure. I push the throttle open, closed, crack it, hit the magneto. BLARRRUUMMM. I add throttle and pull it off the truck. VROOOOOMMMMM, ahh, VROOOOOMMMMM. It sounds like it's running sweet."

Free-lance writer **Michael Parfit** *has been researching the Bonneville Salt Flats speed phenomena since the mid-1970s. He is the author of* Boys Behind the Bombs, *just released by Little, Brown, and of* Last Stand at Rosebud Creek, *published by E. P. Dutton.*

Picturing the old ways

with horse and wagon

Itinerant photographer on Western trails

Text by Susan Coffer
Photographs by John Coffer

PHOTO BY BOB WOODALL

Living close to the land and "feeling every mile," John and Susan Coffer recently traveled across our country like itinerant photographers of the nineteenth century, seeking to capture "old ways" on tin and glass plates. Along a back road near the Teton Range in western Wyoming (above), the Coffers walk beside faithful, patient Brownie, who pulls all their belongings in the small Photographic Van. Cricket, an adopted wild horse, is just getting used to a new way of life as pack animal. With a curious Springer Spaniel leading the way, the Coffers present an old-time scene as appealing as any captured by their camera on the following pages.

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

I AM WEARING A LONG CALICO DRESS. It moves lightly around my legs as I walk, helping the air circulate on this blistering, hot afternoon. My husband, John, pulls his felt hat down to shade his eyes from the brightness of the desert sand. With his other hand he calmly leads our big workhorse, Brownie, who hauls our wagon and belongings behind him.

Some may suppose we are wandering and destitute. But we enjoy the life we lead. What began as an unusual idea in John's mind five years ago has become our way of life, one we feel comfortable with. We are reenacting history, a unique phase of American history. Traveling around America we live the life that an itinerant photographer of the late 1800s might have led.

John first envisioned the whole adventure one night when he was driving back from a Civil War reenactment. He had participated in the event, using his big turn-of-the-century camera to make tintype portraits. As he returned home, he contemplated becoming an authentic, nineteenth-century, itinerant photographer. It was a life-style that few in the modern-day world sought. But John was just the one to put it all together. In the summer of 1978, after much research and preparation, John was ready. He headed south from Pennsylvania in the wagon he had fashioned, his horse Brownie easily pulling the load. Neatly lettered on one side of the wagon was the message "Photographic Van."

People along the way were delighted with John's living historical character. And John felt the life suited him quite well too. He was able to earn his living as an early-day, traveling photographer did, stopping in small towns and doing tintype (photo on a tin plate) and ambrotype (photo on a glass plate) portraits. John did all he could to make his demonstration authentic: he posed his customers before a painted backdrop in costumes he provided, and he developed the pictures inside his wagon. He was becoming interested in understanding the "old ways" through his own experience and the experience of others he met in his travels. Using his old camera and glass-plate negatives, John began to capture the "old ways" he saw.

(Above) *Peter Crandall, an ex-engineer, owns a revitalized, water-powered, stone, grist mill in Eagle Point, Oregon. He invited the Coffers to camp by his historic mill while they did tintype business. John Coffer photographed Crandall as the miller, watching grain drop to the grinding stones housed in the round compartment below.* (Right) *John Coffer was set up for picture business in an old mining town in southern California when this man suggested that Coffer photograph him in his gold ore stamp mill nearby. The mill functioned as it had in 1914, separating gold ore from the rock. When Coffer asked if he was doing well, the miner replied, "Enough to make beans."* (Opposite) *At one time the man pictured ran the Olivas Pack Station in California, organizing trips on Mount Whitney. He is shown with his racing mule, which wears an aparejo pack saddle, an old design. There is no sawbuck, but the leather pads are packed with straw that conforms to the shape of the animal's back.*

OLIVAS
TACK SHOP

When John reached his original destination, Florida, he decided to continue on. Like young men of a century ago, John kept hearing, "Go West, young man, go West." And like the early travelers, John contemplated the wide-open spaces and the wonderful landscapes. He also wondered about finding water and whether Brownie could handle the steep grades. But he crossed the Mississippi River and kept going. John decided, like the early photographers, that he wanted to see the Old West that was still left and help to preserve it.

That winter, Texas was a cold and windy place. But the adobe houses and cactus plants filled John with a sense of excitement as he entered the Southwest. In Arizona, going through an Indian reservation, John crossed paths with a herd of wild horses. At the sight of Brownie and the wagon, they stampeded into the desert sagebrush and soon were out of sight. As he went along, John met some colorful people reminiscent of the Old West—cowboys, miners and Indians. And not the least of the romantic people was a certain belle he met when he came through an old mining town in the Mojave Desert. That was me. I loved John's old-fashioned life-style, and we paired up. Now John had, in his own simple way, everything he could hope for: a strong purpose in life, a good horse, and a good wife. And the life suited me too. So that was how we saw the West, walking along, reenacting history. Our horse Brownie pulled behind him everything we needed.

(Above) *Hazel Bowen, pictured at her home near Antelope, Texas, gained recognition for driving the Texas wagon train in the Bicentennial celebration at the age of sixty-nine. She is shown with her husband, a veteran of World War I, and with the horses that pulled the Bicentennial wagon for her.* (Opposite) *In a small town in eastern Oregon, the Coffers met Frank Deen. As a young man, Deen herded sheep; now, he keeps busy making fiddles, a proud tradition in his family. Deen gives each fiddle a name and adorns the neck with a carved-head finial. An outgoing person, Deen plays his fiddles for groups, especially for elderly folks.*

Living as we did, we seemed part of the environment, feeling every mile and seeing the gradual change of the landscape. That first summer we headed north along the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada. We gazed up at the cold, jagged, snow-capped peaks which contrasted with the hot desert where we were traveling. Our minds never strayed far from needs for our survival. We always kept an eye out for water—stock tanks and signs of green vegetation in the desert. Sometimes we hauled water in our wooden barrel and water bags, though we tried to avoid that. At night we always camped out, asking permission if someone was around to ask. Essential to our camp was good grazing for our hard-working Brownie. Firewood to cook our dinner and sourdough rolls, and to heat canned foods, was usually in plentiful supply. We used mesquite, sagebrush, cactus, and even dried dung.

TOWARD FALL WE ENTERED FORESTED AREAS and climbed over the Cascade Mountains into the green Willamette Valley. And the next spring, after the snow had almost melted, we headed east, back over the Cascades. Then our route took us along the Oregon Trail. We saw the lazy Snake River to its source in the spectacular Teton Mountains. In Wyoming, crossing the Continental Divide, we traveled on back roads, antelope bounding about everywhere. The grasslands were seemingly endless around us. Near the Platte River we camped by some of the prominent rock formations where the pioneers stopped, Devil's Gate and Scotts Bluff.

Traveling as we did, we absorbed so much of the fantastic Western landscape. And we also had the opportunity to share with people along the way. We were particularly interested in anyone who had actually lived in the Old West or anyone who was preserving some aspect of that tradition. One old-timer we took time to talk with and photograph was Frank Deen. We met him one afternoon when we came into the small town of Unity in eastern Oregon. I went in to get some groceries, and Frank, seeing the wagon, stopped to talk with John. He told us about being a sheepherder as a young man. Now, he made and played fiddles. Because we were interested, he went off to get a few, while John unloaded his wooden 8″ x 10″ turn-of-the-century camera.

The camera is pretty heavy, weighing about twenty-five pounds, and awkward to unload, but John never minds if there is something worthwhile to photograph. He mounted the camera on the wooden tripod in a safe place. When Frank returned we admired his fiddles and talked awhile. Then, with Frank's permission, we began to arrange the scene for a picture. When Frank was posed, John got an 8″ x 10″ plate-holder out, one that had been loaded with an unexposed, dry, glass plate the last time John had worked in his darkroom. Next, John focused the camera, throwing our black cape over his head to help him see better. The countdown was given, and John took his picture. The exposure was about a second. As usual, no flash powder was needed. There was plenty of sunlight, and natural lighting produces the best pictures. Only one picture was taken, as each plate is rather expensive. Then John put the plate in its holder back in the wagon; it would be developed the next time John was working in his darkroom. We hoped it would be a good one.

We ended up spending the best part of the afternoon with Frank, getting to know him. And we made only a few miles down the road before it was time to camp for the night. But that was fine. We had enjoyed meeting Frank very much. We pulled off the road onto the sand and sagebrush, making camp back aways by a small creek. It was a nice little spot we had found. The next morning before we headed out, Frank came by to reminisce. He told us that as a young man he had herded sheep in the surrounding hills and over the very spot where we were camped. Traveling as we did, we had time to savor moments like this, appreciating the history and beauty of the West.

Between their journeys around the country as nineteenth-century itinerant photographers, **Susan Coffer** *and her husband John share their reenactment at Living History Farms in Des Moines, Iowa. They have written and illustrated a sixty-one page booklet about their travels, called* Horse Hairs in My Soup, *and have another, more comprehensive, book upcoming.*

"I would suggest to any sculptor seeking a high level of craftsmanship that he pursue a relationship with Classic Bronze."

William A. Kohl, Professor of Art, College of the Desert, Palm Desert, CA

"Coup Stick"
by Landon Lamb
From The Matthews Collection

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Coyote sings defiant song of survival

Trickster of Western man from Cortés to Compound 1080

by François Leydet
Illustrations by Lewis E. Jones

I REMEMBER THAT EVENING AS IF IT HAD BEEN LAST night, although it happened a dozen years ago. With my German shepherds, two-year-old Hamlet and four-month-old Ophelia, I was camped on a deserted beach on the Sea of Cortés. The nearest human settlement was a Seri Indian village twenty miles down the coast. At sunset, as I grilled a steak over a fire of dead mesquite, I watched flights of pelicans cruising low over the dark water. Before sinking behind Tiburón Island, the sun gilded the sere, brown hills of Sonora, to my left. The gentle lapping and susurration of wavelets against the sand was the only sound. Until well after dark I sat by the embers of the campfire, savoring the peace and beauty of the scene. The dogs dozed quietly nearby. In this wild, lonely spot, so untouched by any of the manifestations of man, I felt totally serene, content, and safe.

When, out of the black, Hamlet sat up and rumbled a low, muted growl, I mocked his alarm: "What's the matter, boy? There's nobody here!" He ignored me and sat motionless,

Urban coyotes eat the contents of plastic garbage bags and dried pet food out of dishes in backyards. For that matter, they eat not only dog and cat food, but dogs and cats.

ears pricked forward, looking intently at the line of low trees and brush that fringed the beach. Again he growled, this time more authoritatively. Ophelia whimpered and snuggled close to me. Then, from the darkness just back of the beach, there exploded a single, staccato, high-pitched bark. Other single barks accelerated into multiples, like bursts from a machine gun. The cacophony resolved into musical tones, escalating into long, wavering soprano notes. First one voice, then another, then several in chorus carried or harmonized the melody. Hamlet was clearly worried; his hackles were up, and he never moved from my side, confining his response to low rumbles. Ophelia was plainly terrified, and to soothe her I took her into my sleeping bag.

After my own initial startle I began to feel elated. What could be more perfect in this setting than a wild chorus of coyotes? I switched on my flashlight for a few seconds, shone it in the direction of the disembodied voices, and counted eight pairs of eyes reflecting its beam. I shut it off, and began to bark and howl back at our visitors, which seemed to spur them to even more exuberant polyphony. The coyotes continued their song for a few moments, then, almost as suddenly as it had started, the chorus stilled. In a couple of minutes I saw Hamlet relax, telling me that our callers had left.

I did not realize it at the time, but the dogs had cause for alarm. Without my presence they would have been no match for the coyotes if the latter had chosen to attack, as inhabitants of Los Angeles suburbs know only too well. In recent decades the city has metastasized into the surrounding foothills, creating a chain of satellite communities from Beverly Hills to La Cañada–Flintridge, and usurping what used to be prime wildlife habitat. Mountain lions and bobcats have retreated into the national forest north of the city, but the coyote, perhaps the most adaptable creature in North America, has stood his ground. His habitat altered, he has altered his habits.

In the wild, coyotes eat rodents, rabbits, birds, lizards, berries, mesquite beans—whatever is available and digestible. Urban coyotes eat the contents of plastic garbage bags and dried dog and cat food out of dishes in back yards, and drink water from the ubiquitous swimming pools. For that matter, they eat not only dog and cat food but dogs and cats. Their survival instincts dulled by domestication, the pets are easy prey for the speedy coyote.

The typical Western coyote is wary around man. But there seems to be truth in the saying that familiarity breeds contempt. Emboldened by propinquity, further emboldened by well-meaning suburbanites who put out food for them, Angeleno coyotes have so lost their fear of man that a few have graduated from attacking humans' pets to attacking humans themselves. Seven such incidents, happily nonfatal, were reported in three years. Then, one day two summers ago, a three-year-old girl was sitting on the curb in front of her Glendale home when a coyote suddenly appeared as if from nowhere. Much as his rural cousin might kill a lamb on the range, the animal struck the child with lightning speed, clamping its jaws on the back of her neck and breaking it. The coyote dragged the child sixty feet towards the brush before her father could drive it off. The child died at the local hospital a few hours later. This was the first known case of a coyote killing a human in the United States. ("Probably a half million or more coyotes are killed every year by man," I was told by a top United States Fish and Wildlife Service research scientist.)

DURING MANY MILLENNIA BEFORE THE FIRST EUROPEANS reached the Southwest, man and coyote adapted to and learned to appreciate one another. That the first Anglos who invaded the wilderness of the West found this "prairie wolf" so unafraid tells much about the coyote's previous relations with man. The man-coyote conflict in North America probably began soon after Hernán Cortés landed on the Gulf coast of Mexico in 1519, when the conquistadors progressed from subjugating the native tribes to subjugating the native ecosystems in order to accommodate their cattle and sheep—just as English- and French-speaking Europeans would try to do a century later. In their earliest days on this continent, Spanish herders made the acquaintance of this animal who would contest the white man's expropriation of *his* territory with a tenacity, a flexibility, a resiliency—and, I might add, a success—never matched by Aztec, Apache, or Assiniboin. Today, some four and one-half centuries after Cortés' meeting with Moctezuma and a like span of time after the first fateful, and quite possibly fatal, encounter of European domestic sheep with native American wild dog, the coyote remains untamed and unconquered.

Whether as one of the "first animals" in the mythologies of many Western Indian tribes, or as the scourge of the range in the view of many sheepman, or now, suddenly, as one of the perils that stalk suburban streets, the coyote seems to have become a larger-than-life figure to many who have come to know him, or know of him. Certainly no other animal so captivated the imagination of the Indians of the West as this little twenty-five-pound cousin of the timber wolf. He is the hero or anti-hero of countless myths, folktales, and legends in which he appears as a spirit being or a humanized coyote who usually comes to no good or as the real animal the tribesmen see trotting down the wash.

"In our traditions," famed Navajo Carl Nelson Gorman explained to me, "different animals serve as different symbols. The Crow is a symbol of vanity; the Owl is a symbol of death—an owl hooting near a hogan is a warning that death is near. And the Coyote is a symbolic representation of Man, with his dual potential for good and for evil."

Even at his best, Coyote in Southwestern Indian lore distinguishes himself as a tricky fellow. So long as he associates with the Holy People, and uses his cunning to help others, he suffers no retribution for his tricks. But when he uses it to try to outwit his fellows and to satisfy his own greed, lust, or idle curiosity, he comes to grief. A favorite story of mine is the Hopi tale related by Ruth Simpson:

> It will be difficult to look at the heavens at night without remembering the Hopi explanation for the stars being scattered across the sky: Coyote was given a big jar to carry when the people came to this world. He was told not to lift the lid; the jar was heavy and Coyote was curious to know what he was carrying. He set the jar down, lifted the lid and peeked inside. All the stars rushed out and they burned his nose as they flew past. Poor Coyote could only catch a few and these are now in their proper places in the skies (the constellations), the others are just strewn about, and some of them, being insecurely fastened in place, fall back to earth. This is why there are few constellations, why there are shooting stars, and why Coyote has a black nose. [Ruth De Ette Simpson, "The Coyote in Southwestern Indian Tradition" in *Masterkey*, March–April, 1958]

These tales reveal an amused tolerance and often a genuine fondness for the coyote. It seems certain that for millenia before the advent in America of the white man and his

domestic stock, man and coyote lived together in peace. The coyote had little to fear from man, and man had no reason to fear the coyote. This clever predator posed no threat to the settled agriculturalist tribes, such as the pueblo dwellers. And though to hunting tribes he might be a direct competitor for game, Indian hunters never considered, as many "Anglo" hunters do today, that game was put on earth primarily for their benefit. Man did not own the earth, nor did he claim dominion over its creatures.

Perhaps as remarkable, in the tribal myths, as Coyote's often self-defeating trickiness is his indestructibility—or, more accurately, his powers of resurrection. In story after story he is burned, drowned, starved, smothered, crushed, or dashed to death from a height, and he keeps coming back, eager for further mischief. This resiliency is a trait that the Western stockman, frustrated after generations of warring against the coyote with trap and snare and bullet and poisoned bait, is more than willing to grant the little prairie wolf. "We'll never get rid of the coyote," I have heard many a sheepman cry with grudging admiration. "He'll be here long after you and I are gone!"

WHETHER HIS ROOTS WERE IN ENGLAND OR IN FRANCE or in the Iberian Peninsula, the paleface pioneer in America brought with him an attitude towards nature and her creatures very different from the native American's. The European took very literally the Biblical behest to "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth"—forgetting all too often that one can subdue by means other than rape, and that dominion without stewardship is tyranny.

People who had formed their sense of beauty in nature and their sense of the fitness of things amid the tidy hedgerows of Devon or the heathered moors of Scotland were awed and appalled by the North American wilderness. They saw it as "infested" by savage tribes and savage beasts, and could not rest until they had recast, to the extent their means permitted, the visage of their new land into a likeness of their old. Forests were for clearing, prairies for ploughing, rivers for damming, deserts for irrigating. Prior rights of man and beast were neither respected nor recognized in the drive to turn the woodlands of the Northeast into a new England, or the deserts of Utah into a new Zion. As to the wolf, cougar, wildcat, or coyote—well, the wolf had been extirpated from the British Isles, and so must he be from his North American domain. A 1648 Massachusetts law offered an Englishman a thirty-shilling reward for the head of a wolf; an Indian got twenty shillings.

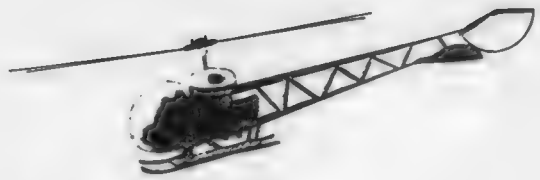
In the second half of the nineteenth century, ranchers began to introduce their large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle onto the public lands of the West. At the same time, they extended their war against wolves and other predators westward to the Rocky Mountains and beyond. Through their own efforts, those of hired "wolfers," and sometimes with the help of state money and manpower, they did a thorough job of thinning out the large populations of wolves, mountain lions, bears, bobcats, and coyotes that posed a threat to their stock. In 1914 the federal government entered this war when Congress authorized an expenditure of $125,000 for the control of wolves. Soon the program was extended to coyotes. Within thirty years federal Predator and Rodent Control (PARC) trappers claimed 1,792,915 coyotes.

For many decades the principal tools of the trade were the steel trap, the rifle, the "coyote-getter" or cyanide gun, strychnine, and thallium. Most of them were inhumane and nonspecific—that is, they killed animals with little or no distinction between offending or nonoffending individuals or species. Then, in 1944, a remarkable new weapon was added to PARC's lethal arsenal; its introduction was hailed by sheepmen who thought it assured the "final solution" to their coyote problems. This was sodium monofluoroacetate, or Compound 1080: a white, ordorless, essentially tasteless powdery salt, highly soluble in water. With no known antidote, it killed its victims after several hours of severe convulsions.

The stuff was cheap, tiny amounts were effective, it was easy to use, and it was stable: what was left of the poisoned bait (an injected sheep carcass or portion of a horse) when you picked it up in the spring (*if* you picked it up as the often-ignored regulations required) was just as lethal as when originally put out.

This stability, wrote Faith McNulty in her beautiful book *Must They Die?* (1970, pages 18 and 19) is 1080's

most disastrous property. . . . It does not break down in



Coyote's indestructibility is as remarkable as his self-defeating trickiness. In story after story he is burned, drowned, or dashed to death, and he keeps coming back.

the body of its victims, and this means that any animal or bird that feeds on the carcass of a 1080 victim may be poisoned, and its body may become another lethal bait. Furthermore, the dying animals vomit deadly doses of undigested meat, attractive to any animals and birds, wherever they go. Almost all carnivorous birds and small carnivorous mammals will eat carrion; so the possibilities of this chain reaction are extensive.... Advocates of 1080 point...to the fact that different species differ in their susceptibility to the poison. Canines are particularly susceptible.... Critics say that these variations in tolerance are a distinction without a difference, because all our native meat-eating animals are capable of eating enough bait to kill them.

Shortly before the advent of 1080, the sheep industry in the United States began a decline precipitated by a number of economic factors (for example, the substitution of synthetic fibers for wool, the diminishing popularity of lamb compared with other meats) that has continued to this day, 1080 or no 1080. Profits also declined, and one response to this, employed by a growing number of sheepmen, was to dispense with the hiring of increasingly hard-to-find herders, and to turn out their flocks in fenced pastures, unguarded by man or dog. Such sheep naturally were more vulnerable to attacks by coyotes—as they were to such sheep killers as storms, birth difficulties, toxic plants, poor range conditions due to overgrazing, illness, injuries, and congenital idiocy. Whatever the actual cause of loss, the coyote usually took the blame: a scavenger as well as a predator, the coyote will happily feed on an already dead lamb and then be accused of its killing. The decrease in the national sheep flock was accompanied by an increase in predator control efforts.

SOME TIME AGO, I SPENT A DAY IN ROCK SPRINGS, Wyoming, talking with Richard Randall, field representative for Defenders of Wildlife, a conservation organization based in Washington, D.C. For many years, before disillusionment and air-crash injuries caused him to change jobs, Dick was a federal government trapper. He retired from the Fish and Wildlife Service in 1973 as the Rock Springs District's acting supervisor in charge of the predator control program.

"There used to be an old sheepman named Bill Spicer,"

"The latest thing in toxicants, helicopters, fixed-wing aircraft, everything after one poor, dumb four-footed animal. And he's made an ass of everybody that's been chasing him."

Dick reminisced. "He's dead now. He used to say, when 1080 first came out, it paralyzed the coyote population, and it paralyzed the trappers, and the only one that ever got over it was the coyote. Well, my records show that in 1960 in the Baggs, Wyoming, area, coyotes ate about sixty percent of the 1080 baits I put out. The last 1080 records that I have, show that coyotes consumed about eight percent of the 1080 stations I placed in 1971. The decrease in bait consumption didn't come from a great decrease in coyote population. Coyotes simply learned to avoid lethal stations. I am sure that scavenger coyotes, those that fed on carrion, were the first to go. Those who killed their prey survived.

"But that's typical of the coyote. He adapts to everything. Take traps. You can usually catch the dumb pups. But if they make it to the age of two they're pretty sharp. I don't know what instinct they have but they can come in and sense you have traps there, and dig the trap out, and push it out of the hole with their nose, and turn it over, without tripping it, and leave it there for you to look at and feel like what a damn fool you are for even *trying* to catch the guy!

"Back in 1939," Dick went on, "Fred Marlman proved that an unlikely looking contraption called a cyanide gun could slaughter coyotes by the thousands. They were inexpensive, simple to operate, so they were sown like wheat throughout coyote ranges. In a few years, a large percentage of the coyote population was either avoiding the cyanide gun or using it for the same purpose a city dog uses a fire plug."

I asked Dick towards the close of our conversation, "Would it be possible to eradicate the coyote if we really wanted to?"

"Oh, I think it might be possible, if we had several billion dollars, and all the national parks and monuments were open to coyote killing," Dick replied. "You'd take half of our other wildlife species along with it because it would take an awful lot of poisons and traps. Even then I'm not sure. Because the coyote's got one final trick up his sleeve. That's his prolificness.

"Take an area like Yellowstone. There's no control in there, there hasn't been for quite a few years, and there aren't many coyotes. There are natural factors that keep the population in check. But if you go into an area and start intensive control, immediately the litter size increases. And whereas in Yellowstone maybe fifteen to twenty percent of the yearlings might breed, in an intensive control area you might wind up

with eighty percent of the yearlings breeding. So, they've immediately answered the attack by increasing their population. You've got a more reproductive bunch of coyotes. And a more *troublesome* bunch."

Dick gave a wry little laugh, shrugged his shoulders, and went on. "The coyote has adapted in every way *possible* to survive. And he's so far ahead of you. Actually, it seems ridiculous when you stop and think about it. There's millions and millions of dollars, and there's the latest in four-wheel drives with winches, scope-sighted rifles, the very best, the latest thing in toxicants, helicopters, fixed-wing aircraft, *everything* after one poor, dumb, four-footed animal. And he's made an ass of everybody that's been chasing him. He's adapted to everything they've thrown at him, and he survives pretty well, in some areas. It *is* kind of ridiculous, when we're supposed to be *so* superior, and yet we've been unable to cope with this animal. Of course, a lot of the 'coping' never needed to be done in the first place!"

For the last ten years, the war against the coyote has continued, but largely without poisons. Increased trapping efforts, and greatly increased use of aerial shooting, have claimed tens of thousands of coyotes every year. On the bright side, considerable research has been under way to discover methods that would target the sheep-killing coyote, or to develop or improve nonlethal ways to protect sheep from attack. In a recent phone conversation, Dr. Jeff Green of the United States Sheep Experimental Station in Dubois, Idaho, told me of very "encouraging results" from the use of Great Pyrenees dogs to guard rangeland flocks of sheep. "The idea has blossomed," he said. "It's really catching on. We've had particularly good response from younger sheepmen, not steeped in the 1080 tradition, many of them opposed to lethal methods in principle."

A research biologist from the Animal Damage Control Department, United States Fish & Wildlife Service, once spoke to me of the "biological, ecological, and economic absurdity of population supression as a control method." Scattering poison baits, which do not distinguish between offending and nonoffending individuals (or species), is such a method. It can be reasonably predicted, I think, that if poison is once again put out, the coyote population will suffer for a while, but the adaptable little wolf will soon learn to avoid it, his numbers will bounce back, and predation losses will continue as before until and unless the sheep industry changes its management of its flocks.

Perhaps the coyote will trot along his merry way, his song echoing from the mesas in the stillness of the night "as long as the rivers shall run and the grass shall grow," as the Navajos say. Perhaps the sheepmen are right, and the coyote *will* outlast us all. And considering the mess that we are making of our beautiful planet, in our arrogant assertion of dominion ungentled by care of stewardship, I sometimes feel he may deserve to. Certainly we *need* the coyote, and I for one rejoice in his apparent invincibility. We need him in the same way that we need the tides, and the seasons, and, yes, even such awesome manifestations of Nature's untamed power as earthquakes and hurricanes and volcanic eruptions. We need all of these as reminders that Man is not God!

Portions of this article have been adapted for AMERICAN WEST by François Leydet from his book *The Coyote: Defiant Songdog of the West*, illustrations by Lewis E. Jones, University of Oklahoma Press, 1979; first published by Chronicle Books/San Francisco, 1977.

Born in France, raised in Boston, **François Leydet** *has been a resident of California or Arizona since 1954. His books include* The Last Redwoods *and* Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon. *Leydet is a frequent contributor to* National Geographic *magazine.*

American West

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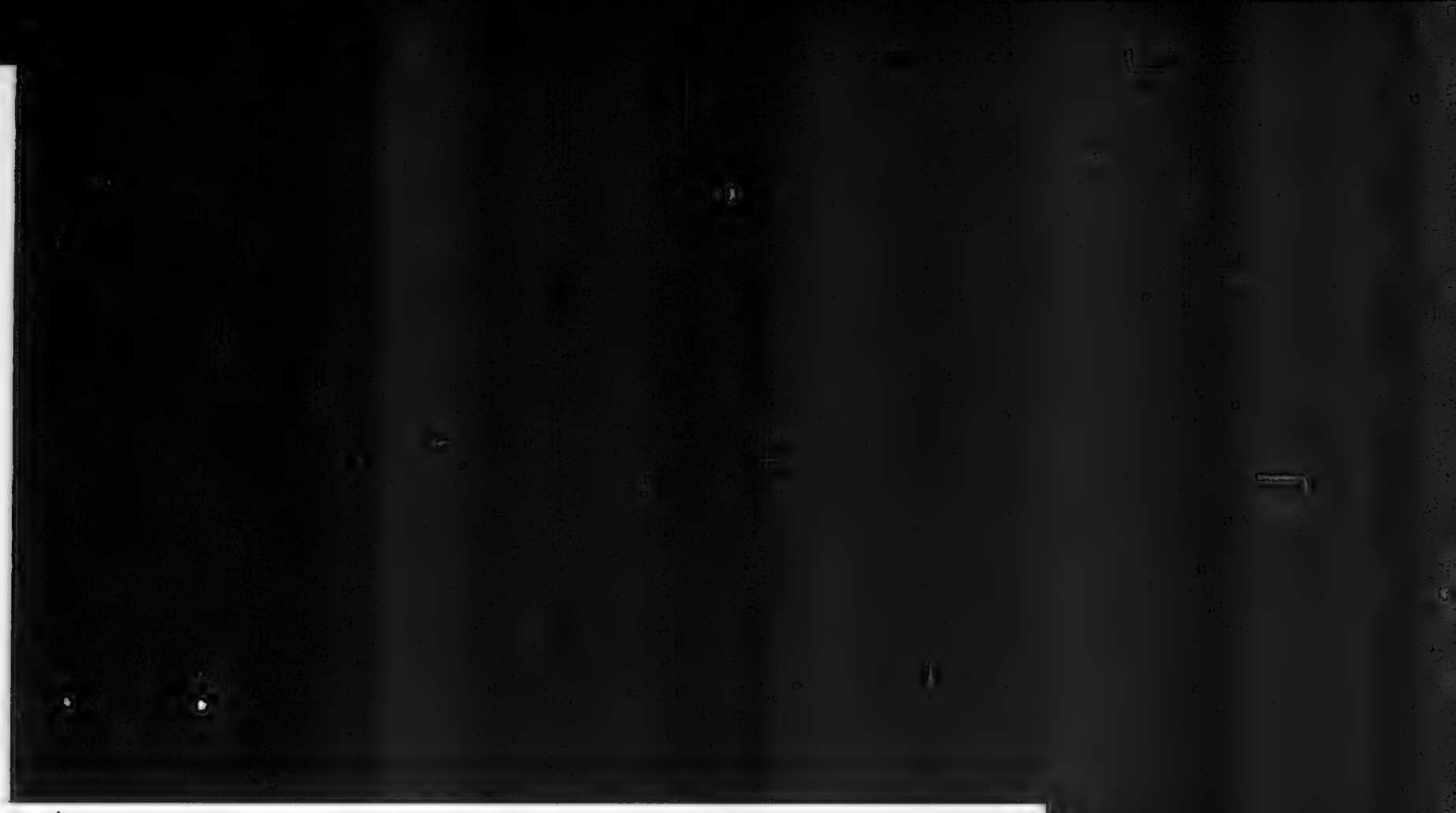

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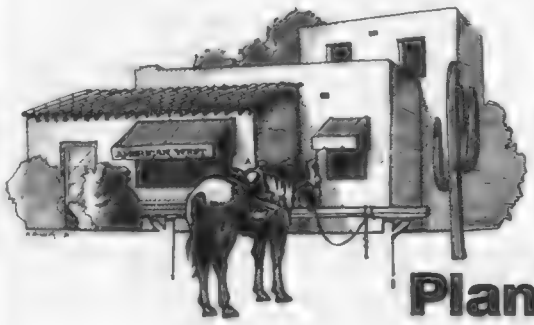

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"The Apaches" Bronze 18" H, 25" L, 11" W #2/15

monument in Newark, New Jersey; a Woodrow Wilson statue in the Capitol; the Gettysburg memorial statue in Pennsylvania; and his most famous, the four heads on Mt. Rushmore. The gallery is very fortunate to have several of his sculptures available for purchase.

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AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Growing up in Berkeley, 1900–1917

Plum trees, pompadours, lofty thoughts, and unlocked doors

by Dorothy Rieber Joralemon

(Above) *Dressed for an outing in the latest styles, five friends from Miss Head's School for Young Ladies enjoy the diversions of Cliff House Amusement Park. The author is at far left in this appealing tintype from 1909 or 1910.* (Right) *Taking the mountain air with the Sierra Club in 1908, the author shows her enthusiasm for the joys of nature.*

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

IN FEBRUARY, A NEW YORK FRIEND TELEPHONED ME AT MY Berkeley home. "Here," she announced, "we are in the midst of a blizzard." She described sleet, snow, wind. "Here," I answered, "we are having our first spring, and plum trees are in flower." I spoke of their wine-pink blossoms. "How damn sweet," my friend replied in that haughty tone New Yorkers reserve for Californians.

Memory is a Californian. It can always see plum trees in bloom...spring, youth. Berkeley, 1900 to 1917: a small community clustered about the University of California. Shingled houses, velvet brown. Geraniums spilling over gardens—scarlet, vermilion. The squawk of blue jays cutting the air like rusty scissors. A rag-bottle-sacks man ringing his bell. A horse-drawn watering cart wetting down the dust. An occasional autocar passing.

Below our town curved the highway of San Francisco Bay with ferry boats wreathed in white sea-gulls. Ships, with sails spread, moved through our unbridged Golden Gate, crowding the harbor. Trade winds blew in from the ocean. They smelled of waves, wet sand, and salt. Above, rose barren hills where streams were edged by dark laurels. The call of quail and the scent of wild currant floated from the canyons. Quiet—all so quiet.

Ours was a peaceful town, and no one locked his doors at night. Rape, muggings, and murder were undreamed-of events. (The first time I heard the word "rape" publicly mentioned was in connection with the "rape of Czechoslovakia.") Our police force, headed by August Vollmer—later one of America's leading criminologists—had little to deal with other than small boys who put stink bombs on streetcars.

I grew up in a Berkeley faculty home during the first seventeen years of this century. Father, Charles Henry Rieber, taught philosophy at the University and was Dean of Summer Sessions. I was enrolled in Miss Head's School for Young Ladies, where I was educated at half price because Father was a professor—and where young ladies did not chew gum.

Nothing unpleasant ever happened on our streets. Even Telegraph Avenue—now the scene of high drama—was uneventful. We went there only for ice cream sodas at the Sign of the Bear and for "bust-supporters" at Brakes, where we could also buy the new Kaiser cotton stockings with six inches of silk at the ankle—all that showed if you were a lady.

Berkeley had nothing more to worry about than such trifles as fleas, flies, and drought. When we didn't get enough rain, the town turned off our water supply for hours at a time. Even the nicest people had fleas. It was no surprise to see one hop out from under the loveliest of evening gowns or to witness the loveliest of ladies hurriedly moisten her finger with the tip of her tongue (dry fleas escape easily), drop her finger swiftly on the invader, and then finish him off between the nails of finger and thumb—a skillful act of precise timing.

The nicest people had flies, too. Because of stables in town and cows tethered along Ellsworth Street, flies were everywhere. Each evening before dinner, armed with dish towels, leaping, swinging, swatting—we drove buzzing swarms of them from the room.

In our town even the nicest people had fleas. It was no surprise to see one hop out from beneath the loveliest of evening gowns.

Berkeley was a place of simple living and high thinking. No one tried to keep up with the Joneses. There were no Joneses. Small events gave great pleasure: friends enjoyed tea and graham crackers together—never spirits; they read the *Ring and the Book* at the Browning Club; gave modest dinner parties with chicken à la king, adding the skin to make it go farther; cranked up Victrolas to play Beethoven and Brahms; sat about evening fires to exchange ideas. If people crossed the Bay in the late afternoon, they listened to the string quartet playing on the rear deck of the ferry and watched the sun fade from the San Francisco hills. When Halley's comet appeared, nighttime picnickers thrilled at the glimpse of its historic tail.

Walking was the favorite pastime. People did their marketing on foot. And for outings, they crossed the Bay to Mill Valley, walked to Muir Woods and, at times, on up Mount Tamalpais. A longer walk took them up the coast to Inverness. Children, too, spent long hours out-of-doors, protected from the cold by long underwear that itched. They climbed trees, rode horseback, hunted wild blackberries, and explored caves on the slopes of Grizzly Peak. Every day, Thornton Wilder, who lived in the small pagoda-house on Prospect Street, led a line of boys and girls up Canyon Road to play at being Indians, each stepping carefully from the ball of the foot to the heel in the Indian manner.

Our University was as peaceful as our town. Wide spaces separated the buildings. North and South Hall were ivy hung. Paths wound restfully among groves of oaks. When a few of the wealthier students began driving their new Packards onto the campus, dashing about and honking horns, President Wheeler rebuked them, asking: "Must you flaunt your wealth in our eyes? Must you disturb the stillness of this place?"

Questions of morality seldom troubled students—we called them boys and girls then. They knew what was right and what was wrong. The "still small voice within" told them. It was quite proper, for instance, if a boy held a girl's arm when taking her home from a dance, provided he held it just above the elbow or just below it, the elbow being a non-erogenous zone. It was wrong to let his hand stray beyond this limit. And he must be spartan with his kisses. A kiss meant a proposal of marriage.

FATHER AND HIS COLLEAGUES IN PHILOSOPHY WERE Idealists, and they presented a united front against a burgeoning pragmatism led by the flinty-minded, soft-tongued

Just as the sky turned light, we were shaken awake. Our house tipped, rocked, and shuddered. Bricks fell as chimneys toppled.

John Dewey. Dewey passed through our town. He spoke of America's rising industrialism and chaotic adolescence. "We must educate for change," demanded John Dewey. "We must educate to guide change," countered the Berkeley Philosophers.

Pragmatic theories were attacked during meetings of the Philosophical Union, attended by faculty and townspeople. "I think this town needs stirring up," Mother said to Father after one of these meetings. "Everyone is getting too serious." She decided to give a dance. Soon her parties were a regular institution. Twice a month, for ten years, faculty and townspeople gathered at our Canyon Road home to waltz, two-step, and dance the Virginia reel.

I can still see the guests winding up the brick path under the chestnut tree to our home. The women wear long full skirts, and those who have walked long distances are in heavy boots. Slippers hang in bags from their arms. Their hair is brushed stiffly into pompadours, supported, when necessary, by wire "rats." The women smell of violet toilet water. Perfume, like earrings, seems to them a little indecent.

The men come in dinner coats worn shiny from many pressings. Their high collars are starched. Their shirtfronts bulge. Gold chains cross their vests, and many Phi Beta Kappa keys dangle. Specialization hasn't yet walled people into small compartments. Men and women from many fields come to these dances: philosophers, lawyers, musicians, ministers, architects, artists. One of the guests is Chauncey Wells of the English Department in his black cape with its white silk lining.

Whenever I think of old Berkeley, it is Chauncey Wells I see—his pointed beard closely trimmed, his hair combed in neat strands across his baldness. Impeccable in dress, bearing, and speech, Chauncey Wells epitomized that virtue, now extinct, called courtesy. Never did gentleman lift hat to lady with such consummate graciousness. He met her on the street. He said, "Top of the day to you." As he spoke, one hand rose toward his derby. Deftly, thumb and finger grasped its brim. Then up it floated as lightly as a leaf, and there high above his head he held it motionless till the lady passed by.

Many of those guests were New Englanders, restrained in manner and delicate with words. Their strongest expletives were "shucks" and "blazes." If marriages proved unhappy, no one knew it. Divorces were all but unknown. Sex was not a subject for mixed company. Said one mother to another, "Sex is like nerves. We should teach our children that they have none." Believing in thrift, work, and moderation, those Puritans lived their lives with dignity and in a low key. But their lives were in no way dreary. The low key rang with its own special resonance.

Californians didn't need to go East for cultural stimulation. It lay all about them at home as Berkeley became more and more an intellectual mecca for the West. Spellbinding teachers taught on campus, and Father, as Dean of Summer Sessions, brought scholars from many parts of the world to lecture here.

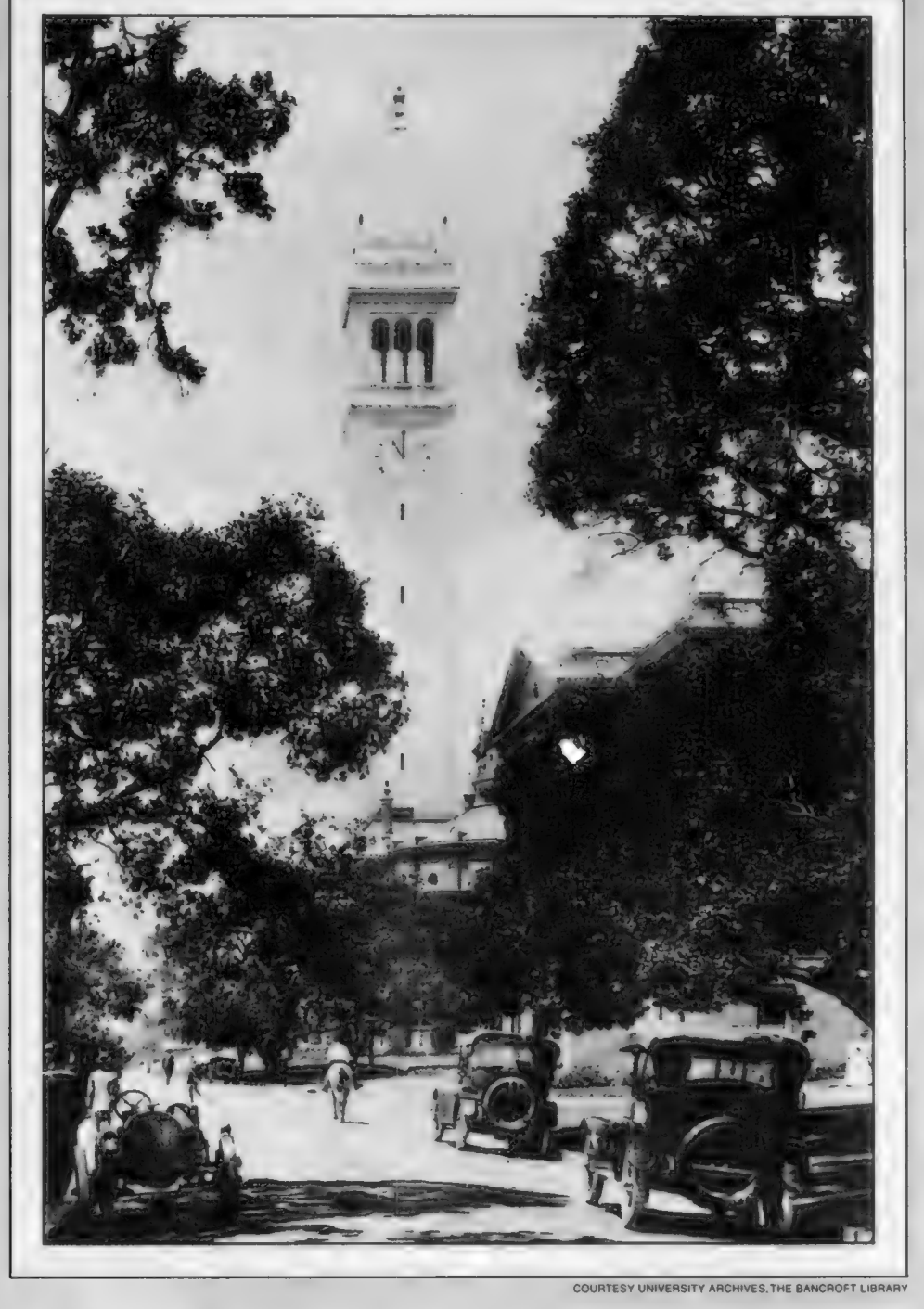
Berkeley also offered many exciting performances. On warm Sunday afternoons, we sat on the hard seats of our new Greek Theater to listen to the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—the ladies in their best hats. On cold nights, we sat there with blankets and pillows to see Maude Adams, Sarah Bernhardt, Margaret Anglin in Greek tragedies, and Julia Marlowe with E. A. Sothern in Shakespeare.

Except for special occasions, faculty families seldom crossed the Bay. The trip was long and expensive: twenty-five cents. To get to the City from our home (located directly above the spot where the stadium now stands) we had to walk eight blocks down to Shattuck Avenue, take the Southern Pacific train to the end of the Oakland mole, board a ferry, and then change at the Ferry Building in San Francisco to a horse-drawn streetcar that ran up Market Street.

But a trip to Chinatown—that place of enchantment—was always worth the time and expense. We went there for preserved ginger in large green jars, wind-bells, Chinese gongs, and dishes in yellow, turquoise, and plum red. The stores exhaled that sweet, musky, inscrutable fragrance of the Orient—a fragrance mingled of incense, dried fish, tea, ginger, sandalwood, and Chinese cabbage. The charms of Chinatown, however, were enigmatic: they both invited and alarmed. As yet, there had been no meeting of East and West, and we seldom dared explore side alleys or venture farther along Grant Avenue than Clay Street. Beyond, legend told us, lay opium dens and the dark, secret dangers of the unknown.

Once Mother (portrait artist Winifred Rieber) took me to San Francisco to visit William Keith in his studio. Mr. Keith was *the* Western landscape painter of the day. His pictures were much alike with spots of golden sunlight breaking through forests of leafy foliage. All had a mystic charm which Keith attributed to the fact that he never painted directly from nature, but from visions that came to him when he struck his copper gong. This gong—more than waist high—stood next to his fireplace. He struck it for us then. With eyes half closed he listened. Deep sounds reverberated about the room, and his visions came.

During the first seventeen years of this century, three events momentarily disturbed our tranquil town: an earthquake, an alarming message from Theodore Roosevelt, and the arrival of sex on our campus. On April 18, 1906, just as the sky was turning green-white with morning, we were shaken awake—violently. An unearthly earth heaved and humped beneath us, and made gritty rumbles deep within itself as though the entire hillside were crumbling away. Our house tipped, rocked, shuddered. Father in his long white nightshirt, and not looking at all philosophical, shouted,



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(Clockwise from top left) *A shady view of the Campanile captures the charm and serenity of the University of California campus around 1916. With mischievous smiles and cocky hats, students relax on the steps of a Durant Avenue residence at the turn of the century. Clutter in a student's room brings a touch of home in this 1906 snapshot. Properly attired for gymnastics, these women students take exercise seriously in Hearst Hall about 1920.*

In 1912 sex reached our campus. Freud's theories told us we had libidos and that we should listen to them. And so we did.

"Stay indoors!" Our falling chimneys were flinging bricks past doors and windows.

In San Francisco, buildings collapsed, streets rose and fell, water mains burst. And then, to the roar of exploding dynamite, our City burned. What remained was a graveyard of twisted girders, a few charred walls, 300,000 homeless—and an unheard-of spirit of comradeship. Strangers spoke warmly to strangers as if they had been lifelong friends. "There is nothing like a great disaster," Father observed, "to bring on the Brotherhood of Man."

Hastily, carelessly, we relaid our chimneys, rebuilt our City. Oh well, we told ourselves, we'll probably not have another—at least not for fifty years. We willed away our nightmare memories and pretended that earthquakes didn't exist.

THE SECOND EPISODE OCCURRED IN 1911. SPEAKING FROM the Greek Theater, former President Theodore Roosevelt warned us that some day the history of the United States would be written in the Pacific, and this meant danger. To dramatize the danger, newsmen coined the phrase, "yellow peril." But the threat seemed remote. Europe had been at peace for forty years. War was a thing of the past.

In 1912, came the third event—sex. That year, Sigmund Freud's theories—to us, incredibly indecent—arrived on our campus, injecting the facts of human sexuality into our puritanical reserve. In a course called "Sex Hygiene" these facts were presented to segregated classes of boys and girls. After the first lecture in the boys' section, two students had to be dragged unconscious from the room. In 1912, sex was rough stuff. But we adjusted. We learned that we had libidos and that we should listen to them and not let that "still small voice within" push us around too much. And so we listened. It really wasn't too bad having libidos.

On the campus, girls began to smoke. One boy grew a beard and was called "Woof." Boys and girls danced the rag in such a tight embrace that they looked more like one person than two. And they sang:

Cuddle up a little closer, Baby mine.
Cuddle up and be my little clinging vine.

Boys no longer confined their hands to the dull elbow region, but let them wander and became less cautious with a kiss. "Spooning" progressed into "necking."

Some faculty members felt liberated, too. One professor began coming to college without a hat—the only bareheaded man on the campus. People said he was probably a socialist, probably dangerous. To go hatless was an outrage against propriety.

Another professor who felt liberated was an artist—the one who painted cows and eucalyptus trees. He developed a taste for taking his class of girls sketching in a field that could be entered only by climbing a high wire fence. As the girls went up and over, he sat on the ground nearby, watching—an academic peeping Tom. The girls complained to Lucy Sprague, the Dean of Women. Confused by the new values which had recently invaded her campus, she simply advised them next time to wear bloomers with their dresses and let it go at that.

Earthquake, "yellow peril," and the new sexual freedom shook our Victorian establishment only superficially and for the moment. On deeper levels it was too strongly rooted in old convictions to give way. And so, life went on as usual, pleasant and uncomplicated.

In 1914, war broke out in Europe. We viewed it merely as a far-off scuffle that wouldn't last. Our new campanile, then under construction, absorbed us far more than distant battlefields. In 1915, the *Lusitania* was sunk by a German U-boat off the coast of Ireland. But, here again, our chief concerns lay closer to home. The World's Fair had come to San Francisco. Among other wonders, it had brought us Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts and Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*.

In Berkeley in 1915, three unusually gifted students were finishing their senior term at the University: the playwright Sidney Coe Howard, whose works appeared on Broadway; Hubert Stowits, who became the dancing partner of Russia's great ballerina Anna Pavlova; and the novelist Frederick Schiller Faust, the fabulous Max Brand of the "Westerns"—Heinie to his friends. Sidney Howard was urbane and aristocratic. He gave the impression that, for him, life had been smooth. Hubert Stowits and Heinie Faust had traveled rougher roads. These two came frequently to our home.

Hubert did the cooking for our next-door neighbor, and often dropped in to try out dancing steps in our large living room. There, he had space enough for long leaps and wide whirlings. At times, he would jump onto our window seat, pull down one of our green velour curtains, wrap it about him majestically, and then float off into rhythmic, flowing movements of beauty and power.

Heinie Faust first came to our house to talk with Mother about her suggestion that he put on a Roman circus at the Greek Theater—an idea Heinie liked. After this he came again and again. Their friendship lasted years. On the campus, Heinie's literary achievements were at a peak; in our puritanical community, his reputation was in collapse: too much drunkenness and other assorted vices not in the Victorian tradition. On Commencement Day, we—his classmates—sat in our caps and gowns in the Greek Theater to receive our diplomas. Heinie was not among us. The University had dropped him from the graduating list. He died during World War II on a battlefield in Italy.

Reelected to the Presidency in 1916, Wilson still proclaimed a policy of neutrality regarding the war in Europe. And our town continued to bask in a never-to-come-again

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(Clockwise from top left) *Women students ferry across the Bay for a day in the City about 1899. Late afternoon passengers could listen to a string quartet on the rear deck. Called to arms, this soldier savors a long embrace in 1917. "Women noted her gown with envy," the author says of Mrs. Frederic Torrey, a beautiful guest at dances in the Rieber home. This snapshot by the author shows a friend prepared from head to toe for the waters of Lake Tahoe. Hair brushed into fashionable pompadours sometimes required the support of wire "rats."*

Wildfire patriotism swept from coast to coast. "Kill the Kaiser," shouted the man in the street. Berkeley was never the same again.

contentment. Each night, August Vollmer and his staff patrolled the streets to insure our continued safety. Each morning, President Wheeler, sitting erect on his bay horse, rode over the campus to see that nothing went amiss. Citizens obeyed the law; all problems had solutions; libidos were held in check; teachers taught; students learned; all was well with the world.

Then, suddenly, all was wrong with the world. On April 7, 1917, a morning yellow with sunlight and fragrant with wild lilac, these incredible headlines screamed into our quiet town: America Unsheathes its Sword in Defense of the World and the Liberation of Mankind. President Wilson had asked Congress to declare war on Germany. "Our flag shall wear a new luster, and a new glory shall shine on the faces of our people," he cried in his stirring voice. A wildfire patriotism swept from coast to coast. Flags flew, drums beat, bands played. Young men rushed off to enlistment centers. Young women singing, "There's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of my dreams," sailed for France to nurse the wounded. "Kill the Kaiser," shouted the man in the street. Berkeley was never the same again.

Changes—better called upheavals—followed the war: suffragettes, flappers, free love, bootleggers, lawlessness, a new savior named Technology, the stock market crash, the Great Depression, three more wars, drugs, young people protesting the violence of the battlefield with the violence of the street.

In Berkeley, empty fields filled with houses, houses with luxuries no one needed but everyone wanted, silent rooms with the blare of radios, streets with automobiles, air with the stench of man-made wastes, leisure with the rush of getting from here to there as rapidly as possible, jails with criminals.

Nowhere is there a breath of that old, carefree Berkeley with its gentle pleasures, its quiet satisfactions, and its venerable virtues. On April 7, 1917, an epoch ended. Except in memory, the time of the plum trees is over.

Painter and writer **Dorothy Rieber Joralemon** *is a graduate of the University of California and a longtime Berkeley resident.*

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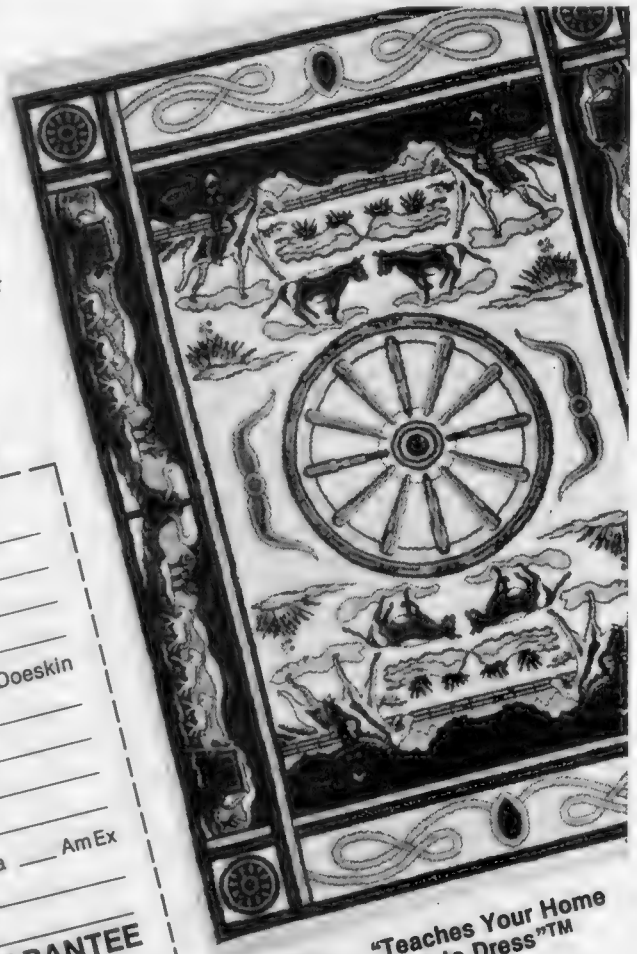

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Drawing the line between Mexico and the United States

Nineteenth-century lithographs of people and places along the border

Text and captions
by Bernard L. Fontana

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As German-born artist Arthur Schott labored energetically with the United States Boundary Commission, he complained that it was an "unlucky and corrupt body," a "school for the practice of indulgence and fatalism." In spite of these troubled circumstances, Schott served the Commission well, playing a dual role in drawing the borderline between the United States and Mexico during the 1850s. As "scientific collector" for the Commission under the direction of John Russell Bartlett, Schott supported the survey that helped establish the border, and as an artist of

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PAPAGOS (opposite)
Papago women, one of whom holds a hunting bow, harvest the fruit of the organ pipe cactus (Lemaireocereus thurberi) *southwest of Arizona's Baboquivari Peak, which looms in the background. They wear typical Sonoran Mexican women's clothes of the midnineteenth century—straw hats, long-sleeved short blouses, and full skirts, blouses and skirts being sewn out of inexpensive commercially woven cotton cloth* (manta).

DIEGEÑOS (above)
This Diegueño (Kumeyaay) man, his wife, and child were en route to Agua Caliente near Warners Springs in Southern California when they were drawn by Schott. Lieutenant Michler held such "Mission Indians" in low regard, asserting, "The degradation of the Indian women is only surpassed by that of those off-scourings of creation, the male white population who wander over the country."

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CO-CO-PAS (above)
These Cocopa men of the lower Colorado River enjoy a game of cards while a woman holds a necklace as if to illustrate Michler's point, "Both men and women are passionately fond of glass beads." And the principle of Indians' wearing discarded clothing is seen in the top hat and United States Army jacket on the man on the right and in the old shirt or jacket worn by his opponent.

YUMAS (opposite). Figure to the left, portrait of Leoch
These Yuma (Quechan) Indians were living near the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers when seen by Schott. Topographical engineer Michler described the men's cotton loin cloths, bows, and arrows in great detail, as well as the women's willow and wool-cord skirts. He wrote of the "belles of the tribe," of whom Leoch was one, that "their figures are fine and plump; the bust is well developed, the mamma firm; the arms finely moulded; the hands small and pretty; the legs beautifully formed and well rounded, and nicely turned ankles.... Altogether they present a very voluptuous appearance." The chins of the women are tattooed.

considerable talent, he left us depictions of the native people and vegetation of the area.

The boundary survey was carried out in two phases, and Arthur Schott worked in both of them. The first stage was a result of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo (1848); the second, a result of the Gadsden Purchase (or Treaty of Mesilla) signed in December 1853, granting southern Arizona and parts of New Mexico and southern California to the United States.

Schott served in many capacities while he worked in those "most desolate regions," directly under Lieutenant Nathaniel Michler of the Corps of Topographical Engineers. He gathered plants to be sent to botanists John Torrey, Asa Gray, and George Engelmann for study and identification; he killed and stuffed examples of border mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes for the scientific scrutiny of Spencer Baird, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; with the Commission's botanist-geologist Charles Parry, Schott gathered rocks, fossils, and mineral specimens while including geological observations in his daily journal; and for good measure, he collected marine algae from the Gulf of Mexico near the mouth of the Rio Grande and at Galveston. Schott is counted among the pioneers of entomology in the United States, having collected insects during his travels along the border between the United States and Mexico.

While science may have its own rewards, scientists reward

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their own. Arthur Schott's name is immortalized in the scientific nomenclature of a Texas snake (the Eagle Pass racer, or *Masticophus taeniatus schotti*), an invertebrate fossil (*Nerinea Schottii*), and a dozen Southwestern plants, including the Spanish bayonet (*Yucca Schottii*) and the sinita or "old man" columnar cactus (*Lophocereus Schottii*).

Not only as naturalist and collector did Arthur Schott reward posterity. On the pages of the official government report of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey (two impressive volumes published in 1859), appear Schott's remarkable field drawings, rendered as nine colored lithographs of Indians and thirty-two steel engravings depicting the vegetation and topography of most of the boundary between Arizona and the Mexican state of Sonora. There are also steel engravings of the military plaza in San Antonio, Texas; the military colony at Piedras Negras, Coahuila; and of "Las Isletas—Falls of Presidio de Rio Grande." Each was drawn by Arthur Schott, principal "delineator" in the field for the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey.

Born in the Germanic city of Stuttgart in February of 1814, Arthur Carl Victor Schott was the son of Albert Schott and the grandson of a high-ranking civil servant in the principality of Würtemberg. Young Schott went to the gymnasium and technical school in Stuttgart, graduating when he was fifteen. After apprenticing for a year in the Royal Gardens at Stuttgart, he enrolled in the Institute of Agriculture at Hohenheim. Following Hohenheim, young Schott spent the decade from 1838 to 1848 managing the Hungarian estate of Count Alexander of Würtemberg. He studied botany, geology, and zoology; published five poems in a collection of German poetry; and with his brother, set down and edited a collection of folktales of the Wallachians, descendants of the first Roman settlers in today's Romania. They were printed in 1845.

Schott emigrated to the United States in 1850 and soon afterward became a friend of John Torrey, a botanist at

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All the chromo-lithographs of Indians in William Emory's official report of the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey are based on Arthur Schott's delineations. They were produced by the New York firm of Napoleon Sarony, James Major, and Joseph Knapp, the former two having once worked for Nathaniel Currier of Currier & Ives. Schott complained that Emory had turned some of his original artwork over "to another draftsman, who may have like abilities with me, but who was never out in Texas and can for this reason not be able to finish those sketches as they ought to be done."

The faint lines of print that may be seen in the background of some of the lithographs reproduced for this article result from the show-through of type on the back of the page in the official report.

PIMO WOMEN (opposite)
Schott saw these Pima Indian women on the middle Gila River in southern Arizona in 1855. They wear homespun white cotton blankets woven by them on horizontal looms. The woman on the left has a pair of typical coiled willow measuring baskets; the woman on the right holds an earthenware vessel that is altogether uncharacteristic of any known form of Pima pottery. The dome-shaped structures in the background are Pima houses.

ARENEÑOS (above). Subtribe of the Papagos
The homeland of these Areneño (Sand Papago) men was the dry expanse of desert in northwestern Sonora and southwestern Arizona. Schott saw them as they were fishing in the saltwater lagoons near the head of the Gulf of California, one of their seasonal locations. The man with the fish also holds a stalk of carrizo (Phragmites communis), *a native Southwestern cane.*

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LIPAN—WARRIOR (left)
Lipan Apaches had fought on the side of the Texans during the Mexican War, and in the midnineteenth century they were favorably disposed toward North Americans. This Lipan warrior was probably drawn by Schott at Lipan Crossing on the Rio Grande where these Indians often visited to offer their services as guides.

NOCO-SHIMATT-TASH-TANAKI (right). Grizzly Bear, Seminole Chief
The illustration of a Seminole in Texas comes as a surprise to those who associate Seminoles either with Florida or Oklahoma. But after the removal of Indians from the southeastern United States, begun in 1832, innumerable tribesmen scattered in several westerly directions. In the early 1840s a Seminole chief named Wild Cat was involved with Comanche raids in the vicinity of San Antonio.

A suspicious feature of this lithograph is its striking similarity to Osceola of Florida *by George Catlin, printed in 1838, showing the Seminole chief (reproduced in* AMERICAN WEST, *March/April 1982, page 38).*

Princeton University. In 1851 Torrey persuaded Lieutenant William Hemsley Emory, the Boundary Commission's chief astronomer and surveyor, to hire Schott as his scientific collector.

The boundary surveyors completed their fieldwork in 1855, and Arthur Schott, who had done so much to "draw the line," left the Southwest never to return. After pursuing his career as surveyor and naturalist, Schott spent his last years in Washington, D.C., teaching private lessons in German, mathematics, and music. He died in July 1875, leaving behind a widow and six children, including his first-born child, a daughter whom the Schotts had named "Sonora"—a mark of his affection for those "most desolate regions."

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

A very good biography is *Arthur Schott, German Immigrant Illustrator of the American West,* a George Washington University Master's thesis by Gretchen Gause Fox (1977). Also helpful are William H. Goetzmann, *Army Exploration in the American West, 1803–1863* (1959) and Charles S. Sargent, *The Silva of North America,* Vol. 10 (1896). The official reports, compiled, edited, and partially written by William H. Emory, are titled *United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, under the order of Lieut. Col. W. H. Emory, Major First Cavalry, and United States Commissioner,* three parts in two volumes (1859).

Bernard L. Fontana, *Field Historian for the University of Arizona Library, is the author of* Of Earth and Little Rain, the Papago Indians, *published in 1981, and of other books about Southwestern Indians. He is on the Editorial Board of* AMERICAN WEST.

THE DRAWINGS AND JOURNALS of Arthur Carl Victor Schott resulting from his work on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey in the midnineteenth century have never been located. He is known to have made innumerable drawings and paintings, probably only a few of which were published as lithographs and engravings in the boundary survey report. It is also known that he kept meticulous field journals. Anyone who has any information concerning the possible whereabouts of either his journals or original art is asked to contact the editors of AMERICAN WEST, *3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.*

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1930s. I was born on the Old Oregon Trail near Medford, Oregon, in 1917. My Dad was called "Pete" Lawrence, started from Kansas. Maybe someone out there knew him.

I received my first issue of the magazine (May/June), and I'm very happy with it. I read the Letters because they are informative. I disagree with people who pick the magazine apart. I'm an artist (oil) and composer of country ballads and such; so I like the pictures and stories because they are about people like me.

Philona Sammons
San Luis Obispo, California

Cattle drive

Must tell you I was in the produce business at the time that Don Hight made the cattle drive in South Dakota ("New Trail in the Old West," March/April). I had picked up eggs at Schram Hatchery, and then on a farm three miles north came the head drivers, ice on their beards and noses, frozen stiff—but tall in the saddle. You could not have knocked them out with a forty-five. They rode tall and proud, as they should, cattle and horses in better shape than they. They were MEN. I waited three hours for them to pass in 50° below and 50 mph wind.

Your writer did an excellent job on the story. That is great country and wonderful people.

Ralph Schneidewind
Bonita Springs, Florida

Your latest AMERICAN WEST issue decided me to renew. It just hit the spot. I grew up in South Dakota. We moved out there in 1906, and I was born in 1902; so I am really a Westerner.

About the cattle drive—it brought back memories of one my father and I took. I must have been about fourteen or fifteen. The hail that year destroyed all the hay and crops around Belvidere where we lived in the country; so we had no feed for the winter. Some friends in Mellette county, south of the White River that Don Hight's herd crossed, agreed to winter our cattle. I rode with my father to drive our cattle there, about a twenty-mile trip. That was the coldest I have ever been in my life. We never thought about temperature; we just did what had to be done.

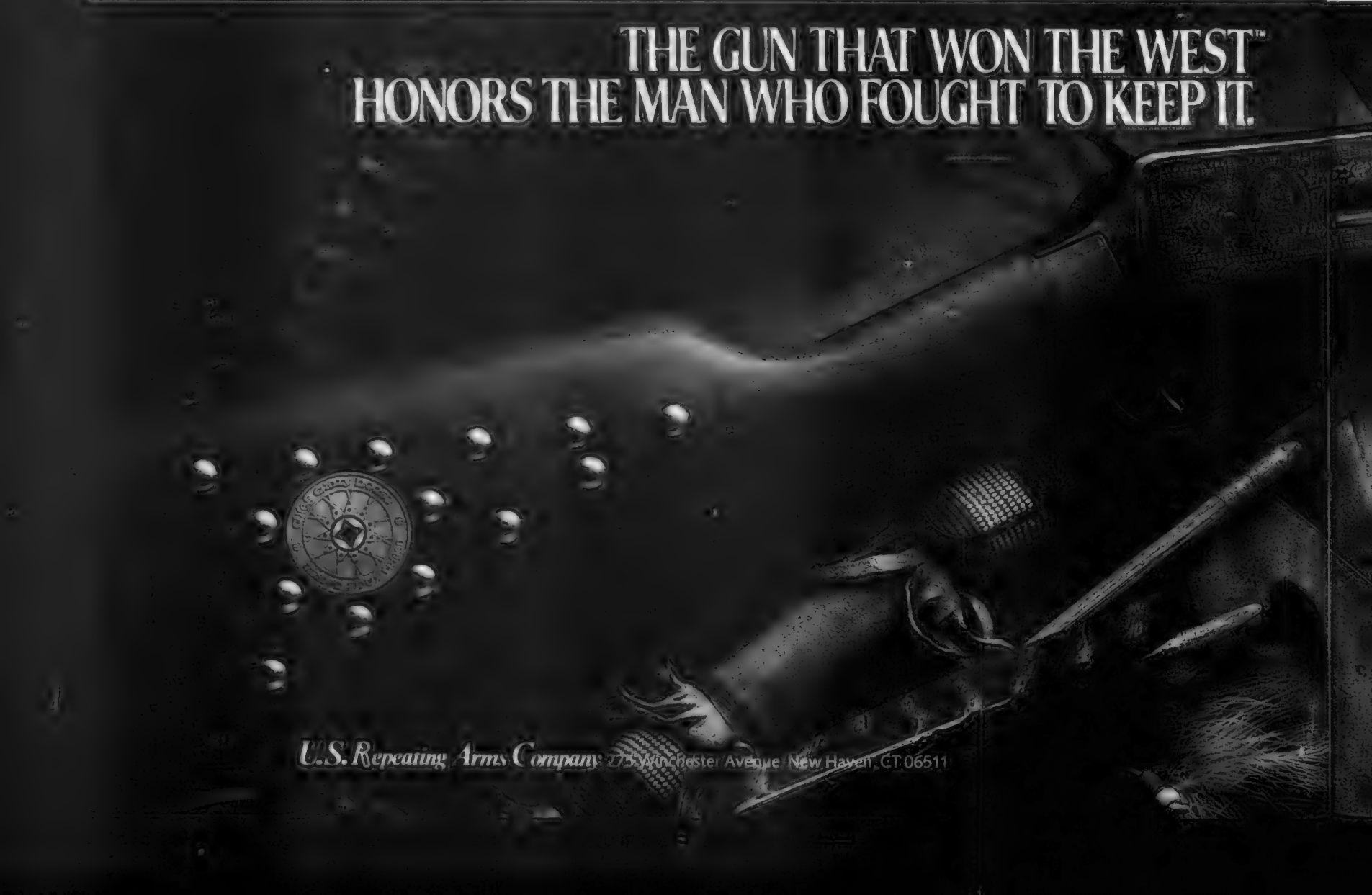
Some day I hope to go back and see that monster in the museum ("Haystack Butte Surrenders Terrible Lizard," March/April). Talk about a changing world.

Ruth Mc Crorey
Oceanside, California

T. Rex

Having just received the March/April issue of AMERICAN WEST, you can imagine my surprise and delight to find so many stories in which we personally were interested, having lived in South Dakota for twenty-five years, recently moving back to Nebraska to retire. Your story on the dinosaur dig was memories. Our children grew up and lived just over the hill from the South Dakota School of Mines, and this family spent many hours there. Even Grandma's visits were School of Mines trips.

We also watched the Don Hight cattle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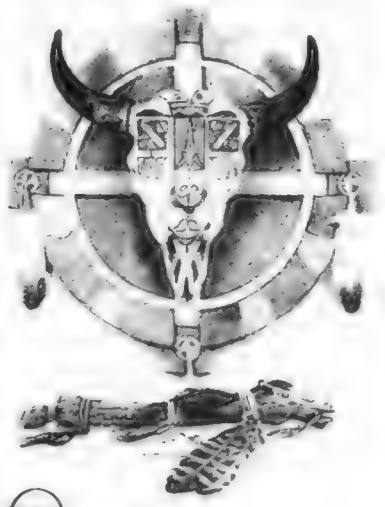

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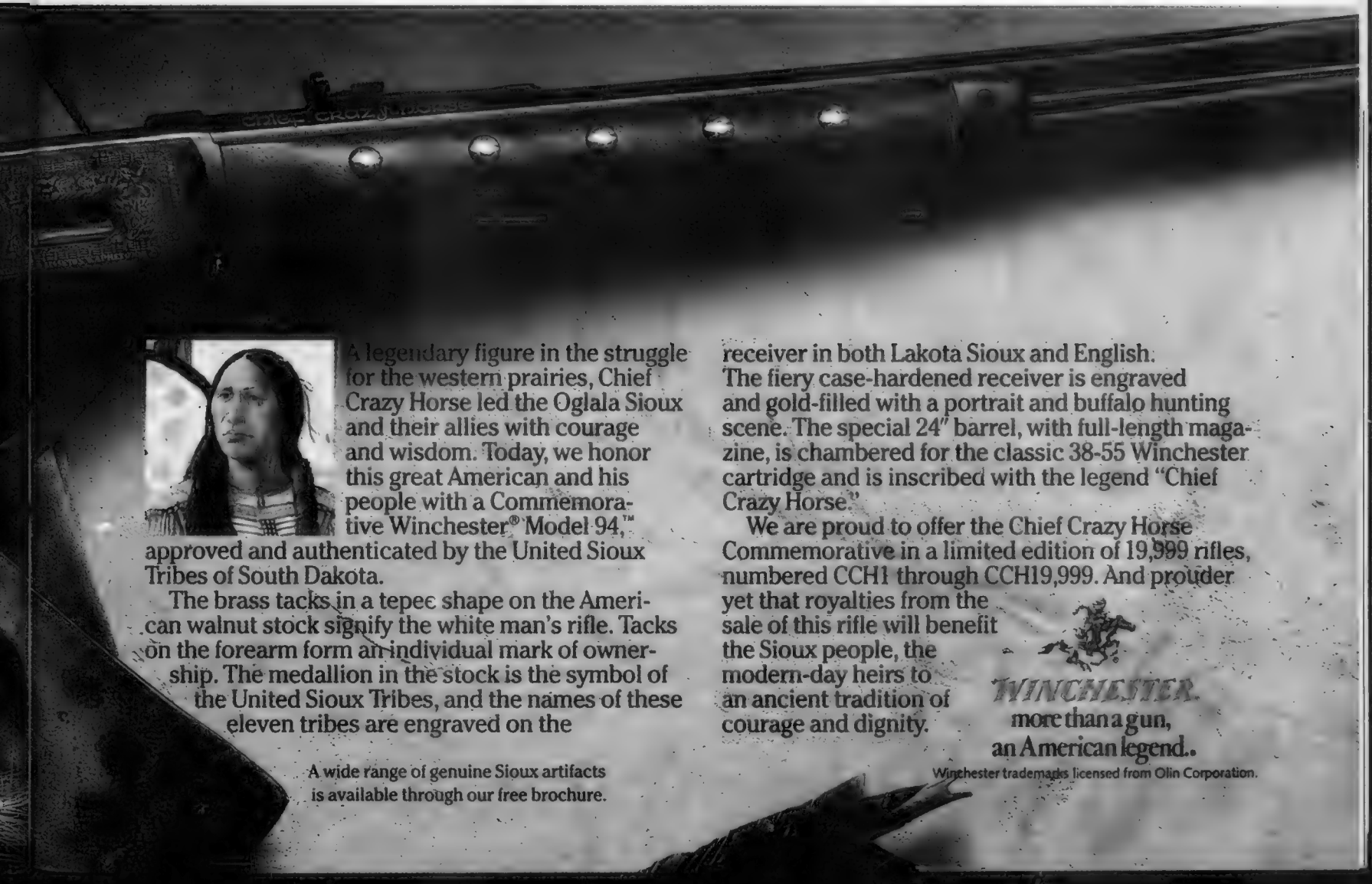

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drive with much interest and gave a big sigh with everyone else when they made it. We have dear friends in Winner and go there often, as we have two children who still live in Rapid City and are raising their families there. You can be sure the next time we are there, this is one Grandma who is going to take the Grandchildren to see *T. Rex*.

Marvyl Lockwood
Orchard, Nebraska

Outdoor baptism

I would like to correct Glenn Hays of Bend, Oregon, who sent in the baptism picture (Western Snapshots, May/June). Fay is in Dewey, not Blaine county. I went to school there. My mother was Etta Roberts, first school teacher in district #1 of the Indian Territory. She married Laurence Prickett.

Thank you for such a fine magazine.

Lauretta C. Bergeson
Monroe, Oregon

The Western Snapshot of evangelist James Hays sent to you by Glenn Hays of Bend, Oregon, was doubly interesting to my husband, Frank, and myself. This surely is *the* "Old Glenn Hays" who is a transplanted Aggie, Okie, and a bit of a Western character in his own right.

Hays and his wife, Beverly, have lived in the far West for more than thirty years. In recent years, he has become a published author of Western lore and historical fiction. The man is a fascinating spinner of "tall, tall tales." We suggest you hie your most lovable writer up to Bend and introduce this character to all your readers.

Louise Flusché
Tulsa, Oklahoma

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

"...the nation's hoop has closed..."

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Donna Duesel de la Torriente

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Train crash at Crush

COURTESY THE TEXAS COLLECTION, BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, WACO, TEXAS

Publicity and tragedy—as big as Texas

by Allen Lee Hamilton

NO RUINED BUILDINGS, NO RUSTING MACHINERY, NOTHing but a simple plaque on the rolling prairie tells us that this was the "Site of Crush Train Wreck, September 15, 1896." On that date, some forty thousand people flocked to this spot about fifteen miles north of Waco, Texas, to witness a spectacular publicity stunt—the incredible "Crash at Crush."

The man behind this unusual event was George Crush, passenger agent for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad (the Katy, for short). He had observed the thousands of curiosity seekers who often gathered at the scene of a railroad wreck, and they gave him an idea that could benefit the Katy. George Crush proposed to his superiors that they stage a train wreck. His plan was to advertise the event months in advance, sell tickets to transport spectators to and from the site on Katy trains, and then to entertain the crowds by running two old locomotives head-on into each other. Katy officials agreed, and the countdown to collision began.

From the Katy repair yard in Denison, Texas, Crush chose Engines No. 999 and 1001, venerable thirty-five-ton steam locomotives, outdated but still in good shape. He ordered them cleaned, polished, and painted. No. 999 was given a coat of bright green lacquer with red trim, while 1001 was painted a brilliant red with green trim. Each engine was to pull six ordinary stock cars with canvas-covered sides that advertised everything from the Ringling Brothers Circus to the Texas State Fair.

In every paper in Texas and in every major newspaper in the country, Crush puffed the "Monster Head-end Collision," planned for September 15. He sent out posters with lithographs depicting the trains smashing together. Katy employees tacked bulletins and circulars on nearly every wall, fence post, and tree in the state. Soon, huge amounts of mail poured in, and Crush was obliged to hire a crew of stenographers just to answer ticket requests.

Throughout the summer of 1896 public interest mounted as the target date approached. Every day, Texas papers were full of reports on the preparations. Crush and the engineers who were to run the locomotives, Charley Crain and Charley Stanton, became celebrities, but the real stars proved to be the engines themselves. From Denison to Waco, Nos. 999 and 1001 were displayed in every town through which they passed. Thousands turned out to look at them, "as if," wrote a reporter, "they had never seen [a locomotive] in their lives."

As the arena for his spectacle, Crush selected a shallow valley just north of Waco, conveniently located close to Katy's Waco-Dallas track. It had a flat, open floor bounded on the north, south, and west by gently sloping hills that formed a natural amphitheater. Crush kept the location secret until

In the September sunshine of 1896 forty [illegible] gawked as two thirty-five-ton locomotives hit head-on in a publicity stunt a few miles north of Waco, Texas. [illegible] Attending photographers caught the engines just as they met. Our double spread shows the violent explosion that followed the collision of the two trains.

DUE TO A LACK OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTRAST BETWEEN TEXT AND BACKGROUND, THIS PAGE DID NOT REPRODUCE WELL.

A wonderful recklessness marked the conduct of the crowd as it surged into the danger zone.

just a week before the crash when an army of 500 workmen descended upon the site. They laid four miles of track from the top of the northern hill across the floor of the valley to the top of the southern slope. That way, both trains would be moving downhill and rolling at the fastest possible speed when they met.

A grandstand for "Honored Guests" was constructed, as well as three speakers' stands, two telegraph offices, a reporters' stand, a bandstand, and a large nine-foot-high camera platform. To handle the special excursion trains that the Katy had arranged, workmen laid a siding from the main track and erected a depot with a platform 21,100 feet long. Ringling Brothers Circus lent Crush one of its huge tents to be used as a restaurant, and the Katy brought their superintendent of dining car services from Saint Louis to oversee the cooking. To help people cope with the September heat, five tank cars full of spring water were rolled in, and dozens of lemonade and soft drink stands were set up.

FINALLY, TO AMUSE THE WAITING SPECTATORS, A HUGE carnival midway with medicine shows and game booths was built. The place was so sprawling and alive that the workmen decided it needed a name—and what better name than that of the man responsible for the entire scheme? A sign was nailed on the depot to inform detraining passengers that they had arrived at Crush, Texas. On the morning of September 15, all preparations were complete. George Crush told a reporter that he expected a crowd of around 20,000. For once, he underestimated. By 10:00 A.M. more than 10,000 people were already on the grounds, and the crash was still over seven hours away.

People came in buggies and carts, on horseback and on foot, but most of them arrived in the thirty-three Katy excursion trains. Two dollars bought a round-trip ticket from anywhere in the state (admission to the grounds was free). It is impossible to say just how many tickets were sold, but seven fully loaded trains left from the Dallas–Fort Worth area alone, and some trains brought people from as far away as Kansas. Some passengers were obliged to ride on top of the cars because there was no room left inside. As one reporter noted, it was "*the* event of the year."

By 1:00 P.M. the crowd numbered over 25,000, and people were still arriving. Political candidates orated, bands played, families picnicked, and pickpockets pilfered. To help control the crowd, Crush did not allow alcoholic beverages on the grounds. To enforce this edict, and to keep the peace in general, he hired 200 sheriff's deputies and had a wooden jail built to hold lawbreakers. At 3:00 P.M. Engine No. 999 steamed slowly over the course and was greeted with a deafening cheer from the crowd, which had grown to an estimated total of 40,000. Then No. 1001 passed by, and again a huge cheer went up.

From earlier tests railroad officials calculated the approximate point of collision, and marked the spot with a large stake. For about fifty yards on either side of the tracks they established a danger zone and marked it off with railroad ties and a heavy cable. No one was permitted inside that limit except the photographers, whose raised platform was situated only thirty yards from the predicted point of impact. The majority of the crowd was supposed to stay some 200 yards away. But when the locomotives made their slow runs over the course, the crowd became so excited that it surged to within ten yards of the track. With great difficulty and the threat of cancelling the event, Crush and his deputies forced the throng to retreat to the limits of the danger zone. A reporter wrote: "The crowd was difficult to manage.... A wonderful recklessness marked the conduct of many."

At 5:00 P.M. the locomotives met cowcatcher to cowcatcher for a final photograph, and then both backed off to the starting positions. About 5:20 P.M. Crush appeared riding a "prancing white charger," and trotted to a point where he could be seen by both of the engineers, Charley Stanton at the throttle of No. 999 and Charley Crain in No. 1001. Every eye was on Crush as he raised his white hat and began to count down from 120. When he reached zero he whipped his hat sharply down, a telegraph operator with connections to both starting points clicked out "GO," and the locomotives jumped forward. A great cheer went up from the crowd as they pressed against the restraining cable. Torpedoes, or small explosive charges, had been placed every few feet along the tracks, and as the wheels passed over them they detonated with "a sound like...musketry," firing more rapidly as the trains accelerated. The engineers were supposed to tie the throttles open and jump as soon as a speed of fifteen miles an hour had been reached, but Charley Crain electrified the multitude by staying with No. 1001 for more than a half-mile before leaping.

WITH WHISTLES SHRIEKING, THE TRAINS ROARED down the opposite hillsides onto the level part of the valley. The rumble of the steam engines and the sharp crack of the torpedoes seemed to make the very earth shake as the "iron behemoths" hurtled toward each other. The crowd held its breath. Then, in a thunderous, grinding crash, the trains collided. The two locomotives appeared to rise up in meeting, like two giant rams in combat; then they disappeared together in steam and smoke. The first three cars of each train telescoped into the wreck, there was a momentary lull, and then the unexpected happened. Almost simultaneously, each of the boilers exploded. As the air filled with bits of flying metal, people turned and ran in blind panic.

One young man was killed instantly by a piece of flying metal. A length of heavy chain fatally struck a boy who was in a tree for a better view. At least six other people were injured, some seriously, by the flying debris. The official photographer, J. C. Deane, was on the raised platform just

thirty yards from the impact. He was struck in the right eye by a metal bolt and knocked prostrate.

Great lengths of brake chain snapped and lashed for hundreds of feet in all directions. Two trucks weighing nearly a ton were thrown over a hundred feet, sheering off a telegraph pole. The cap sheaf of a smokestack sailed almost 500 yards and landed within fifteen feet of a group of terrified men and women who were desperately trying to escape its path. One-half mile from the crash a woman was injured by a piece of flying wood. A man on the photographer's stand who had been in Pickett's charge at the Battle of Gettysburg said that for the first time in his life he was truly afraid.

Crush told a reporter: "I begged, entreated, threatened and commanded them to seek places of safety, and they paid no more attention to me or to the orders of the constables ...than if we had nothing to do with the affair. I regret that any body should have been injured as a result of the pre-arranged collision...[but] no one could have foreseen that the explosion of the boilers would occur."

A large portion of the crowd, apparently having overcome their fright, swarmed over the wreckage in search of souvenirs. Everything that could be carried off was taken as a memento of the day's excitement. The Katy wrecker-trains moved in to remove the larger debris, and by nightfall the tracks were clear. People began to leave for home, the tents and stands and midway booths came down, and Crush, Texas, ceased to exist.

The Katy fired George Crush that evening but relented and rehired him the next day. The railroad dealt quickly with all damage claims brought against it, including that of Deane, the photographer, who received $10,000 and a lifetime pass on the Katy. He lost the sight in one eye but not his sense of humor. When he recovered enough to go back to work, he put a notice in Waco newspapers: "Having gotten all the loose screws and other hardware out of my head, am now ready for all photographic business. [signed] Deane, Waco's high-priced photographer."

Remembering the day, thousands of spectators felt more horror than humor. Maggie Dunn of Axtell, Texas, wrote, "I can't hardly bear to hear a train come in now—almost makes me shudder every time I see one." But for at least one Texan the crash provided creative inspiration. The great Ragtime pianist Scott Joplin was touring the state at the time of the collision (he may even have witnessed it), and he immediately wrote and published "The Great Crush Collision March." Appropriately, the tune, like the event itself, ended with "the collision," in this case represented by a thunderous bass chord.

Free-lance writer **Allen Lee Hamilton** *lives in San Antonio, Texas.*

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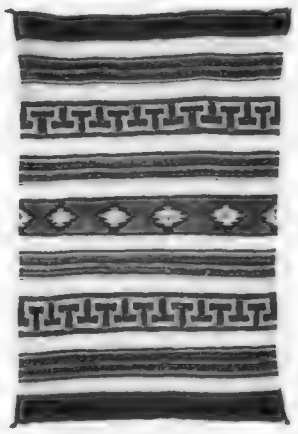

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THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER is a nonprofit institution dedicated to preserving and exhibiting the heritage of the American West. It is also home of four major museums whose exhibits of art, ethnographic materials, and historic artifacts reflect more than one hundred years of America's colorful past. Together the museums at the Center offer an extensive view of frontier life.

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Lookout *(Continued from page 10)*

Cowboy artists Joe Beeler (left) & John Hampton at opening. Courtesy CAA

this movement in contemporary Western art,'' says publicist Diane Lane. A memorabilia room, outdoor arena, and studio where Cowboy Artists can work and teach are part of the unusual museum, which sits on ten acres of rolling Texas hills.

Garlic time in Gilroy. Garlic lovers will rally in Gilroy, California, July 29 through 31 for an aromatic fête in honor of the region's principal crop. Now in its fifth year, the Gilroy Garlic Festival features gourmet garlic-cooking in the open air. ''Last year, eight tons of garlic were used in preparation by demonstrating chefs and food vendors,'' explains Julie Sellers, the Festival's administrative secretary. The prospect of savoring scampi, pepper steaks, and other garlicky dishes is expected to draw about 100,000 people to Gilroy, population 22,000.

Plains Indian Powwow. Indians from tribes in Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, and Idaho will meet in Cody, Wyoming, for a Plains Indian Powwow on the Fourth of July. The one-day, intertribal celebration with songs and dance contests is free and open to the public, says George P. Horse Capture, curator of the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody. Continuing summer attractions at the Center include an exhibition of works by westward-faring landscape artists between 1820 and 1900. ''The Rocky Mountains: A Vision for Artists in the Nineteenth Century'' will be on view through September 23.

They Call Us Savages. Stunning examples of Indian artistry, ranging from beaded silk slippers to whimsical Eskimo masks, make a powerful statement about Indian values at the Witte Museum in San Antonio. Titled ''They Call Us Savages,'' the exhibit features artifacts from the museum's permanent collection in an effort ''to dispel some of the myths about Indians'' says assistant curator of anthropology Roberta McGregor. Poetry and music are presented in addition to objects made and used by North American Indians from nine geographical regions.

Mormon Pioneers. July 24 in Salt Lake City will be a day of grand parades, picnics, and crafts to commemorate the arrival of Mormon pioneers in the valley more than one hundred years ago. On this day in 1847, Brigham Young and his band reached the end of their long journey to a new Zion, as Young told his company, ''This is the place.'' Exhibits in Pioneer Trail State Park will demonstrate skills of early settlers through weaving, quilting, and blacksmithing demonstrations. Other festivities include a Pioneer Parade through the city, reportedly the third largest parade in the country.

Going Camping? Campers heading for Colorado state parks this summer can use a toll-free reservation service and avoid the stress of being turned away from a packed campsite at the end of a long day. Reservations at 900 campsites in twenty-seven parks can be made by dialing 800-328-6338. This service, run by Telecheck under the auspices of the Colorado Division of Parks and Outdoor Recreation, is available through September 15, seven days a week, twenty-four

(Continued on page 71)

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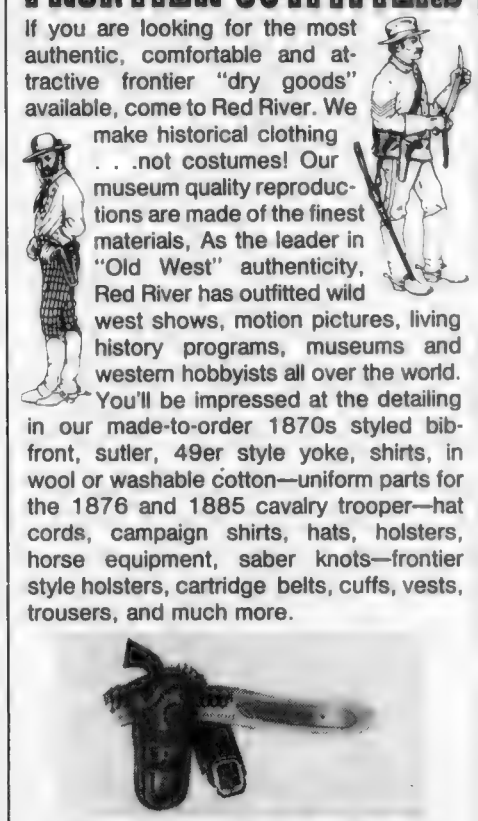

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Western Snapshots Today

Cook tents go with chuck wagons and, in several big-country sectors of the West, chuck wagons are still on the go. This particular cook tent is attached to the culinary end of ORO Ranch's ten-wheel truck, which serves as chuck-and-bed wagon and tows an army-surplus water trailer over northwestern Arizona ranges.

The picture shown here was made on a chilly, November, cattle-shipping day in 1980. Left to right are jigger boss Bill Moorhouse (second-in-command to the wagon boss), Bob Phillips, Jeff Shipp, Jack Bowlin, and Jerry Brashears. Having been horseback since first light, they found time to "coffee-up" before the midday meal. The chap-clad leg of wagon boss Pat Cain is visible inside the tent. Speaking of chaps, Cain, Moorhouse, Shipp, and Brashears wear full-length "shotguns" typical of the Southwest, while Phillips and Bowlin wear shorter "chinks" of the Great Basin region.

Technical notes: 180-mm Schneider Symmar lens on a tripod-mounted, 4 x 5 Busch Pressman camera; 1/10 second at f/16; Tri-X film developed in HC-110-B and printed on Pal chlorobromide paper developed in Selectol.

Jay Dusard, working cowboy and professional photographer from Prescott, Arizona, submitted this superb slice of cowpunch, cook-tent life—image and text.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West—the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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Lookout *(Continued from page 67)*

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Sun Valley. Events in Sun Valley, Idaho, this summer include two important conferences hosted by the Institute of the American West, a nonprofit, educational organization. Historians, poets, dramatists, and filmmakers will explore the role of women in Western history at a forum on "The Women's West," August 10 through 13. The first major interregional conference on this theme, "The Women's West" is co-sponsored by the Coalition for Western Women's History. "Indian Self-Rule" will be discussed August 17 through 20, as Indian and non-Indian leaders gather to assess fifty years under the New Deal's Indian Reorganization Act. For information on these conferences or the "Arts of the West" celebration and auction July 5 through 9, contact the Institute: P.O. Box 656, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353 (208-622-9371).

Endurance Ride. "The fascination of the Tevis Cup is the difficulty of the trail—particularly the last thirty miles when horse and rider are moving through the dark," says Jim Larimer, president of the Western States Trail Foundation. Before dawn on July 23, several hundred plucky riders including Larimer will begin the one-hundred-mile endurance race from Squaw Valley over the eastern barrier of the Sierra Nevada, through a series of steep canyons to the finish in Auburn, California. Many competitors complete the rugged journey around midnight. Sponsored by the Foundation since 1955, the Tevis Cup tests the mettle of horses and riders on routes once traveled by the Pony Express and wagon trains.

Archeology and Surgery. When archeologist L. Adrien Hannus of Augusta College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, underwent abdominal surgery this spring, the scalpel his doctors used resembled a prehistoric butchering tool. An expert on ancient implements, Hannus convinced his doctors to try a finger-length blade of volcanic glass, fashioned by a flint knapper and fellow archeologist in Lynchburg, Virginia. The blade has an edge sharper than the honed steel edge on modern surgical instruments, Hannus says. Doctors had planned on switching to standard instruments after making the abdominal incision, but they were so impressed with the special glass scalpel that they used it further in the operation, according to Mike Thomas, spokesman for Methodist Hospital in Omaha, Nebraska.

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Western Snapshots Yesterday

Rural mail delivery in Frontier County, Nebraska, once depended on a good pair of horses and Mr. John Wesley Thompson in his boxlike, wooden cab. This entertaining reminder of the days before zip codes reached the prairie comes to us from Gladys B. Beery of Laramie, Wyoming, a young friend of Mr. Thompson's during her childhood in Farnum, Nebraska. Here we see the trusted mailman stopping on his rounds at the mailbox of Herman Beye in 1911. According to Ms. Beery, these horses knew their route so well that the mail carrier could sort letters or read a magazine along the way.

This rig and John Wesley Thompson at the reins were a familiar sight in Frontier County for nearly twenty years. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat" kept the compact mail wagon off the roads. During hot summer months, the doors and front window of the driver's compartment were removed for better ventilation. Catching every breeze was important since the cab, mounted on a buggy frame, was only five-and-one-half feet at the widest dimension. In wintertime, Mr. Thompson made himself more comfortable by using a preheated, soapstone foot warmer or a small, cylindrical charcoal warmer in the right front corner of the cab. Felt boots helped protect his feet against the extreme cold. The horses were also dressed to fit the weather, wearing "the finest of fly nets in summer, a light canvas 'slicker' in wet weather, and—come winter—the best of woolen blankets."

Eventually the rough dirt road we see here was graveled, and the Frontier County mailman replaced his rig with a Model-T Ford. Memories of Mr. Thompson's long service to rural Nebraskans are recalled by this Western Snapshot of Yesterday. "Although most of his early patrons are gone, their children will remember," Ms. Beery says.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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image size 14½ X 37½

print one is "the heartbreak of bosque county chiggers," exhibited and sold at the just past western heritage sale extravaganza in houston. print two is "something's funny," a best of show winner from the 1982 south dakota boy's club show. there are five hundred of each... and here's an incentive to get both: you'll get print three or four absolutely free when published in october. you'll have your choice. prints one and two cost $150.00 each or $275.00 for the pair. if you opt for both you will in effect have purchased three prints for under one hundred dollars each. please order by check or money order from: plum graphics ltd., p.o. box 180088, austin, texas 78718-0008, we'll pay the freight. telephone: 512-451-2171.

"something's funny"

image size 12½ X 37½

Hunters' Camp by Americo Makk, 30" x 40" original oil, 18" x 24" print, 16½" x 22½" image size, edition of 250 S/N, $100.

AMERICO MAKK: winner of two international gold medals in the last two years (Italian Academy of Art and Arpad Academy U.S.A.); Grand Prize winner, Monaco Intercontinental; one of the 50 American Artists; a portrait master who has painted two American Presidents, several Cardinals, the royalty of Europe and South America; Professor of Fine Arts in Rome and Sao Paulo; creator, with his wife, Eva, of the greatest cathedral paintings in the world.

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